The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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GO!

In response to "Go," by Dolores.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY BRUCE TOWNSEND.

"There is a power that rules us."—*Lamb.*

Say not so! I, faithless?
"Judge not lest judged ye be."
Take back that idle bidding,
And bid me come to thee.

This ring which thou hast given,
I pray thee now recall,
The moment when I gave it,
And with it gave my all.

I did not think this hour
Would ever come to me,
That thou shouldst speak in sorrow
Of a love that's true to thee.

O say not love is over,
'Tis dead and buried low,
But take my heart that's aching,
That I am true, I vow.

No! You cannot, do not mean it!
Oh, heaven, why reveal
The cruel, killing knowledge,
That hearts are made of steel.

Well, be it so. You wish it,
And I have always tried
To yield, e'er since the moment,
I asked you, "Be my bride."

Faithless! Life is a desert,
A waste of wintry snow!
Farewell, and may you never
Regret your heartless "Go!"

FRANCIS,
COUNT OF FOIX.

A Story of the Court of Navarre.

(CONCLUDED.)

Round an old fountain, crowned with rude stone-work, the waters of which had been drank by many a passing generation, stood a number of horses and armed men; and on a light and easy jennet—with a heart beating like that of a fluttered girl, as he raised her for the first time in his arms—Francis of Foix placed Blanche of Navarre, saying—"Thou art a fearless horsewoman, I know, dear Blanche; should we be pursued, and I be obliged to turn to defend the pass, ride boldly on with thy maiden, and one of my old and faithful followers, to whom I will give thee in charge. Fear not that I will do aught rashly; I will but give thee time to escape, and then follow with what speed I may. Long ere I be obliged to pause, however, we shall have come up with my brave men-at-arms: with them I would defend these gorges against the world."

All were soon mounted; and, guided by one who knew the country well, they rode quickly down into the valley. But, just as they gained the high road which led on towards France, they caught sight of a large body of horse, descending the steep declivity from the castle, with their dark masses, bristled with pennon and with spear, cutting strong upon the moonlit sky. The Count de Foix turned to his guide to consult.

"How far is it," he asked, "to where the two roads join?"

"Some quarter of a league," replied the man.

"And you road to the right?" asked the count.

"Is leads into the valley of Bastan," was the reply.

"That is guarded, I know," said Francis of Foix: "we must gallop on as quickly as may be."

They urged their horses into full speed along the mountain road, and reached the point where the highway from the castle joined the path they followed; but they reached it only a few moments before the body of horsemen from above. The fugitives were concealed, it is true, by the wide cork-trees that spread along the slope; but the sound of their horses' feet while galloping had not escaped those who followed; and Blanche was near enough to hear the orders given for quickening the progress of the pursuers. It now became a flight and a chase: but the horses of the Lord of Foix were swifter than those that came after, though not perhaps so strong; and for nearly an hour they hurried on with headlong speed, till at length they came to a spot where the road seemed cloven through the solid rock, and for some hundred yards or more a gigantic wall of gray marble rose on either hand, with nothing but a narrow torrent, dashing its foamy way along, between the road and the rock.

Francis of Foix was by the side of her he loved; and as they entered that gloomy pass, he said—"Here I must make my stand! Ride on, dear Blanche! ride on, my beloved! and fear not for me. I go to lay my lance in rest for Blanche of Navarre; and with that sweet name for my battle-cry, I would maintain this pass against the fiend himself. Ride on, my beloved! ride on; and if you meet my men-at-arms, send them down to my assistance."

FRANCIS OF FOIX GIVES THE LIE TO THE KING.

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She obeyed at once; and turning round, he drew up his men across the pass.

Quick upon their steps came the pursuers; and when by the moonlight they saw how well the narrow way was defended, the word was given to level their spears, and hurled on like a thunderbolt against the small band of the Count de Foix, they strove to cleave their way through by one vehement charge. But it was in vain they made the attempt: Francis of Foix had snatched a lance from the hand of one of his followers, and in that narrow tilt-yard met the leader of the Navarrese spear to spear. The Spaniard went down at once before his lance, and was borne backward from his horse. Happy it was for him that so it befell him; for the charger, freed from the rein, dashed forward, missed its footing, and rolled into the stream.

Driven back with loss, two of their front rank killed, and several wounded, again and again the Navarrese returned to the charge. No words were spoken, no questions were asked, but all seemed understood and known; and, after their lances were shivered, with the sword, and the dagger, and the mace, they kept up the strife for nearly an hour. At the end of that time, however, just as the Spaniards had drawn off for a moment, with the purpose of again renewing the attack, the sound of many horses' feet, coming onward from the French side of the pass, was heard, and many a merry Gascon tongue, shouting and hallooing as they came up, showed the pursuers that their efforts would be vain.

With lowering front, then, they withdrew; from time to time wheeling round, to see that they were not pursued in turn; but no such purpose was entertained by Francis of Foix, whose first questions were addressed to his newly arrived followers. They informed him that they had met with a frightened lady and her waiting damsel, accompanied by old Gaspard of Corvolles; that she had bade them hasten down to the assistance of their lord; and that old Gaspard had come on with them, to show them where he was.

Francis of Foix could not find in his heart to speak harshly to his old retainer; but he blamed him mildly for having left the lady, and then rode on as fast as possible to seek her, leaving a party behind to bring away the dead and wounded of his retinue.

He came to the place where his followers had been stationed, but Blanche of Navarre was not there. He rode on to a spot where three roads crossed, and then paused, anxious and apprehensive. Dismounting from his horse, he obtained a light from the splintered fragments of a pine, and eagerly searched, upon every path, for the fresh marks of a horse's feet. At length he found them; but the road on which they were visible led not in the direction which he had purposed to take. He followed it instantly, however, blessing the glimmering dawn of light, that now came gray and soft above the eastern hills. He met a shepherd, leading his flock to pasture upon the higher grounds, and questioned him regarding Blanche. The man said he had seen such a lady and her attendant, but that they had passed him quickly; and he warned the Count de Foix to seek some shelter, as, from the appearance of the dawn, he judged that there would be a storm ere the day was an hour old.

Francis of Foix spurred on, but he soon found the shepherd's warning true. The wind rose with sharp, fierce gusts; black clouds rolled over the morning sky; the thunder pealed amongst the mountains; the lightning flashed across the path; and, worst of all, the hail came down like stones hurled from some battering-engine, upon the heads of the travellers below. Still, Francis of Foix rode on. Terror and anxiety took possession of his heart. Though the men-at-arms could scarcely sit their horses for the wind and the hail; though the lightning made the chargers start and rear as they proceeded; still Francis of Foix rode on, still he marked every object as he proceeded, still he gazed around in search of some trace of her he loved.

At length, cast in a heap upon the path, he found the pilgrim's cloak in which he had wrapped her; a few steps onward lay dead the jennet on which she had been mounted; and spurring on with frantic eagerness, he drew not a rein till he beheld a little Navarrese village, seated sweetly in a rich wooded valley, surrounded on every side by mighty mountains. The storm by this time had passed away; there was a look of hope and cheerful existence in the village before him; and trusting that Blanche might have found shelter there, he rode on, and questioned eagerly every one he met with in the place. But Blanche of Navarre had not been heard of; and there every trace of her ceased. In vain he sought, in vain he searched for her: no mark, no sign, no report of her passing could be found.

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In a vast old Gothic hall, the pointed vault of which could scarcely be seen by the dim light which found its way in through the narrow and dusky windows, were assembled the States of Navarre, called suddenly together in the city of Pampeluna. The upper part of the hall, raised a few steps above the rest, was filled with the deputies of the States, arranged in a semicircle before the people who crowded the lower part of that wide, dim, and shadowy chamber. Guards and attendants kept the populace from pressing up the steps; but from the throng, and from the eager manner with which the people clung round the various pillars that supported the wide roof, in order to obtain a sight of what was passing, it was easy to perceive that some event of great interest was expected to take place—some matter of deep moment was about to be discussed.

Presiding over the States, covered by a canopy, and seated on his throne, appeared the young King of Navarre, with that mingled expression of passion and irresolution in his countenance which spoke the feebleness of his character. His brow would now knit into an angry frown; his white teeth would close over his under lip, and his nostrils would expand: and then again the fierce aspect of his countenance would relax, the lip would tremble, the eye would roll vacantly over the populace, and the brow would become smooth and careless. On his right stood the Chancellor of Navarre, with a roll of papers in his hand; and on the left several officers of his household, his jester, and his page.

The chancellor took a step forward, a darker cloud came over his stern brows, the king raised himself sharply on his throne, every ear was turned to hear, every eye to see, and the low murmur of expectation died away into silence.

It was then that, in a loud, clear voice, which was heard even in the most remote parts of the hall, the chancellor proposed to the States a decree, by which Blanche of Navarre and her children, to all generations, should be excluded from the throne of those realms, and from all right, share, or title in and to the succession of her father, the late king. The chancellor assigned no reason for so harsh a sentence, and a murmur ran through the people and the States. There was much movement, too, amongst the populace in front; and the king, with a loud and angry voice, ordered the heralds and men-at-arms to enforce silence and tranquility. One of the deputies, however, an old man with silvery beard and hair, rose up and asked what was the cause to be given for so severe a decree against their native princess; adding, that the records of the States of Navarre must never bear the trace of such an act without some just motive assigned.

"There are motives sufficient," said the chancellor, frowning. "First, there is the king's will, which to his good subjects should be law. Next, and I grieve to add it, there is her own evil and shameless conduct. Is it not well known to every one here present that Blanche of Navarre, who so long held a high and esteemed place in the sight of all men, after having been removed from the king's court, in order to keep her from the first steps towards evil, has since withdrawn herself entirely from the shelter which fraternal affection had provided for her, and has fled with her paramour, the Count de Foix, from the dominions and protection of her brother?"

More than once a loud and angry murmur had broken in upon the words of the chancellor. But those murmurs had come from the people—the States themselves were silent. At the words, however, "her paramour, the Count de Foix," there was again a movement in the crowd, in which the States also seemed to sympathise, and a loud voice from amongst the multitude exclaimed—

"It is false as hell!"

The monarch started to his feet, and made an angry movement with his hand; but the chancellor interposed, and pointing to the spot whence the sound had proceeded, he said—

"Let you traitor be arrested, who has dared to give the lie to his sovereign's solemn declaration before the States, that Blanche of Navarre has fled with her paramour, the Count de Foix."

"It is false as hell!" thundered the same voice; and a man, covered with one of those wild black robes common from time immemorial in the valley of Bastan, strode forward through the crowd that yielded to him as he advanced, and setting his foot upon the steps of the platform, and shaking his clenched hand towards the chancellor, he repeated, while the hood fell back and discovered his whole head and face—"It is false as hell! Degraded king!—base and profligate churchman!—I tell ye both, it is false as hell! I, Francis of Foix, here give you the lie to your beards, and hurl back against yourselves the base and degrading term which ye use to the pure, the noble, and the good!"

For a moment there was a pause of solemn silence; while the Count of Foix, with his arm still extended and his hand clenched, his head thrown back and his noble countenance flashing with generous indignation, remained sternly gazing on the chancellor and the king, as if seeking for new words in which to pour forth the hate and contempt which swelled within his bosom.

Too king shrunk back appalled; and the chancellor, though of a bolder and more fearless nature, surprised and confused, remained in hesitating silence. At length, however, he made a sign to one of the officers, spoke a word in his ear, and then turning to the Count de Foix again, he said in a slow and not very distinct voice, "Sir Count de Foix, your presence here to-day may well and certainly does surprise us much. We thought, and had good reason to think, that you had long quitted Navarre. We were led to believe, indeed, and as we shall soon show, had every good reason to believe that you had left this country, accompanied by the princess who has been so lately named. However, we shall soon have occasion to hear you at full in justification of yourself, and in refutation of the charges against you."

As he spoke, his eyes wandered round the hall, and with his last words came a bitter and sneering smile. He then paused a moment, as if about to say something more—but suddenly raised his hand and exclaimed, "Now! now!"

At the word, half a dozen of the archers of the king's guard, who had mingled with the crowd whilst he was speaking, and forced their way forward, threw themselves at once upon Francis of Foix and bound his arms tightly with a scarf.

"Noble Lord Count," said the chancellor, "you have most opportunely come to receive the just recompense of the great and splendid deeds which you have performed in the kingdom of Navarre. The subjects of the king slaughtered by your hand; his sister seduced and carried off; his frontier fortresses visited in the habit of a spy: these, and many other acts which can be proved against you, well call for punishment; and however high your rank, be you sure that neither station nor renown nor alliances with kings shall shield your head from the blow of justice. Take him away."

"King of Navarre!" said the Count of Foix, before they hurried him from the hall, "King of Navarre! hear me but one word. I am a sovereign prince as well as thou art; thine equal in birth and blood: thy superior in renown. I tell thee, for what thou hast allowed this day, thou art coward as well as liar; and if thou hast in thy poor heart one drop of generous blood, thou wilt know how to answer this defiance."

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Time passed; hours rolled on; day after day went by; and chained hand and foot, plunged in a dark and solitary dungeon, denied almost the necessaries of existence, Francis of Foix passed the weary time, till he felt that death were preferable to the protracted agony of such a state. The rays of the blessed sun he never saw; the voice of man he never heard; all was silence and darkness, except when, at a stated hour, some scanty food was brought him, and a lamp to give him light during the meal. He felt all the privations of his situation keenly and bitterly, and the heavy weight of his own thoughts pressed him down into the earth.

But it was not this that pained him most. There was a more grievous burden upon his heart—a more overwhelming load upon his mind. He thought of Blanche of Navarre; he thought of her uncertain fate, her dangerous situation, the hourly peril to which she might be exposed, the base imputation cast upon her name, the weak violence of her brother, the fiery passions of her brother's wife.

For himself he entertained no fears. The King of Navarre, he thought, dared never raise his hand against a great feudatory of the crown of France; but Blanche of Navarre might be the mark on which all the jealous vengeance of the queen was to be poured. Of her he thought; for her he feared.

He was soon roused, however, from his dream of security. A court was held within the walls of the prison; an iniquitous tribunal was established to judge him; and he was tried and condemned with that mockery of justice under which the violent passions of a barbarous epoch too often concealed themselves for the attainment of their objects. Astonished, though not daunted, he was led back to the dungeon in which he had been confined, and told that, with great mercy, the King of Navarre had determined to allow him two whole days to prepare himself for the awful fate to which he was doomed. In that short space of time the design against his life could not be made known to any of his friends or relations; and as it was intimated to him that his head was to be struck off within the walls of the prison, his fate might for years remain unknown to all but those who acted a part in the tragedy about to be performed.

Still, with the thought of his own immediate fate, mingled more painfully the memory of Blanche of Navarre. Still he thought of her more than of himself; of her grief, more than his own danger. If in the power of her brother, or her brother's wife, he doubted not that accurate tidings of her lover's sufferings and death would be conveyed to aggravate all that they inflicted on her; and oh! the terrible apprehension, the deep sorrow that he felt for her at that moment, when the last hours of life were ebbing from him fast, showed him more strongly than ever how intensely, how truly, how tenderly he loved her.

It was night; at least it seemed to him that he was in that part of his long, dark, uninterrupted night, which to other men was covered with shadows and passed in slumber. It was night, then, but he slept not; and on a sudden, at that unusual hour, he heard the key turn in the ponderous lock, the huge bolts undrawn, one by one, and the door creak harshly on its hinges. A glare of light streamed into the dungeon; and, to his surprise, he beheld the beautiful, but impassioned and unprincipled Isabel of Valois, bearing a lamp in her hand, and totally alone. She closed the door behind her, and the lock was immediately turned, showing that some one waited concealed without; but for a moment she did not advance into the dungeon. Gazing on the worn and

haggard countenance of Francis of Foix, she stood as if hesitating what course to pursue. But then, after an instant's pause, she took three steps forward, and in a low, but distinct voice, which trembled with emotion, she said—

"Sir count, it is long since we have met; and how differently do we now meet to our meetings long ago!"

"Lady," replied the count, "I am here before you as a dying man. To-morrow, if I am informed rightly of the intention of your husband, or of yourself—for it is you, probably, who rule in Navarre—to-morrow, then, I am to end my days by the sword of an executioner; not the instrument of public equity, but the murderous tool of vengeance and injustice. Lady, I would willingly prepare myself to die; and though I might hear with reverence and penitence my confessor remind me of sins whereof I sought absolution, I would fain not hear them named by her who had a share therein."

The brow of Isabel of Valois grew dark, and her eye flashed; but after a moment the frown passed away, the fire of her eye went out, and a look of tenderness and sorrow came over her fine but stormy countenance, like a sweet gleam of sunshine breaking across the tempest-cloud. She shook her head somewhat mournfully, and answered—"Who led me to share in those sins, Count of Foix?"

Francis of Foix felt and knew that her own fiery passions were the evil guides that she had followed; but he was too generous to retort the truth upon her.

"Alas! lady," he replied, "let us not think of such things at such a moment, but to regret them. Why you seek me, I do not know; but I beseech you, in pity, disturb not the thoughts of a man who is preparing himself for death."

"I come, if thou wilt, to save thee from death," she replied; "I come to offer thee thy life; but it must be upon conditions."

The Count of Foix smiled bitterly.—"Lady," he replied, "I never yet was found fearful of death; yet I will not lightly cast my life away; but thy conditions must not be severe ones, for Francis of Foix holds his life as a jewel pleasant to possess, and to be valued at a certain price; but that price is clear and ascertained. It is worth so much and no more; and he is not such an idle spendthrift as to give one jot beyond the real value. May I crave to know what are the conditions?"

"These," answered Isabel; her brow again growing cloudy at the little esteem in which he seemed to hold her offers. "Thou shalt renounce Blanche of Navarre; thou shalt never see her more; thou shalt acknowledge publicly—"

"Hold, lady! hold," exclaimed the count; "it is needless to add another word; it is needless to shame your lips, by giving them to utter one more unworthy demand. I will not renounce Blanche of Navarre—I will not promise never to see her more. God and my honor forbid! If I live I will love her; and dying, I will love her also. Through every hour of existence, from the present moment to the last instant of the doubtful future, I will think of her, I will love her, I will adore her. The memory of her love shall give me consolation and support even in the hour of death; and the moment when thy vengeance triumphs over my mortal life, remembrance of her shall enable me to set your injustice at defiance. Her love shall give me strength and courage, her virtue guide me up to heaven!"

Dark and fearful was the expression that came over the features of Isabel of Valois. Her beauty grew like the beauty of the fiend, where loveliness was clouded with hate and with despair. But that countenance, all powerful and expressive as it was, could but little convey all the fiery passions that struggled in her breast; for an instant she gasped for breath; and then, exclaiming—

"Thou hast chosen thy fate! be it as thou hast said!" she struck her hand against the door. It opened; but before she quitted the dungeon she once again turned to the Count de Foix, and setting her white teeth fast together, she muttered—"Thou scornest my kindness as thou hast scorned my love; but thou shalt know what my hate can do. They have told thee that thou art to die within these prison walls; but I tell thee, no! thou shalt die like a common malefactor, on a public scaffold. Not one pang shall be spared thee; the grinning populace, the tall scaffold, the sword stained with the blood of traitors and of murderers, the hand of the common butcher—all that can make death shameful and terrible shall fall upon thee; and, if in thine hour of death thou rememberest Blanche of Navarre, Isabel of Valois shall not be forgotten!"

He gazed upon her as she spoke, calmly and sternly; and on her part, after having paused for a moment in silence, with her bright eyes flashing, and her whole form enlarged with passion, as if seeking in vain for more words to give utterance to her hatred, she suddenly quitted the dungeon, and the door closed behind her. She stood in the long vaulted passage, where, on either hand, appeared manifold rows of arches, leading to many an abode of misery and horror, with the jailor who had accompanied her to the cell, holding up a torch to light her footsteps on their way through those damp, mouldy corridors, and with the woman who had followed her thither, gazing up in her face, in order to read from the expression that it bore, what were the emotions which her visit to the prisoner had produced.

Isabel of Valois, however, did not advance upon the path to which the jailor pointed; and over her beautiful countenance she did not even strive to cast that ordinary veil which might shade or soften the picture of the wrought and agitated soul. The turbulent passions within her bosom, were at that moment, incapable of concealment. The moment the door of the dungeon had closed behind her, she paused, and stood as if rooted to the ground, with her eyes bent down upon the damp gray pavement, and the deep lines of intense thought knitting her fair, splendid brow. The right hand, which was rather raised, with the fingers clenched tight, remained contracted for several minutes, while the same strong passion which had moved her in the dungeon continued powerful in her heart.

After a time, however, the fingers opened, the hand fell slowly to her side; and though the eye still remained fixed upon the ground, a change of expression came over the living picture of her face. The knitted brow again became smooth and sorrowful; the white teeth were no longer firmly pressed together; the proud nostril expanded, the lip quivered, and clasping her hands together, she burst into a bitter flood of tears, only interrupted by convulsive sobs, which seemed to shake her whole frame.

This state continued for several minutes, while the attendant gazed on her with apprehension and anxiety, and the jailor cast down his eyes in surprise at a scene of which he felt that he ought not to have been a witness. It next became evident that she struggled against her tears, and strove to master the agitation which produced them; and as she found all ordinary efforts vain, she worked herself up into fury at herself for giving way to the weakness that overpowered her; she stamped her foot upon the ground; she struck her hand against her brow; and, exclaiming, "Fool! fool! fool that I am!" she turned violently to the woman, crying, "What stare you at, minion? Dare you comment on the actions of your queen? Follow behind me! Lead on, sir, with the torch, lead on! There is some gold for thee; but thou hadst better tear out forever from the book of memory what thou hast seen this night—otherwise thou mayst find a surer and more silent dwelling than thine own dungeon. Lead on, I say! lead on!"

The prison and the palace are, in all ages of tyranny and of barbarism, in near companionship; from the dungeons which Isabel of Valois had just visited, a long passage beneath the great square of Pampeluna, and a spiral staircase, led her back to the abode of her husband. As she mounted slowly, step by step, the Queen of Navarre had time to recall her courage, to steel her haughty heart, and to efface the traces of agitation which her strongly excited passions had left behind. She paused for a moment, however, in her own apartments. She carefully washed the traces of tears away; she arranged her dress with studied grace and elegance; she called to her aid every art of fascination; and then proceeded to seek the weak prince who had placed his happiness, his honor, and his fame in the hands of one so little worthy of the trust. He welcomed her with a glad embrace; for of late she had been rather a niggard of her presence, and had taught her husband to value her smiles by making them more rare.

"Hast thou heard the tidings, my Isabel?" he said; "hast thou heard the discovery we have made?"

Isabel of Valois—like all human beings when excited by strong passions to pursue evil schemes—felt more than just apprehension at every sound and at every sight around her, and the words of her husband instantly excited fear that some unforeseen event might throw a stumbling-block in her course.

"No, sir," she replied—"no; I have heard no news, I have heard no tidings. Keep me not in suspense, my lord; tell me what has occurred."

"Nothing to displease nor alarm thee," he replied, marking the change upon her countenance; "it is merely, that my unhappy sister Blanche was seen yesterday in the neighborhood of Pampeluna by a priest who was passing through a small village not far off. It was said that she had sent a messenger to Don Ferdinand de Leyda; and not an hour ago I had him called to my presence, and asked if such tidings were true. He replied that had received neither letter nor message from Blanche of Navarre, but that he doubted not the tale of her being in the neighborhood was well founded. He promised, moreover—on my strict injunctions—that if she sought refuge with him or with his sister, who was ever her dear friend, he would bring her to my presence."

"I love not that Don Ferdinand de Leyda!" burst forth Isabel of Valois, vehemently; "I love him not—I doubt his double-dealing promises. Once already he has deceived and disappointed me; and if you trust to his word, you will find that he has some specious under meaning by which he will break his engagement, yet keep his conscience whole. No, no, my lord: if you love Isabel of Valois, and would remove the stain from your house by punishing properly her who has incurred it, follow my advice."

"What wouldst thou have me do?" demanded the king. "I will do anything in reason to please thee, Isabel."

"Thus then act, my lord," she replied; "and do it, not to please me, but for your own honor's sake. Deal not upon this Count of Foix as upon a private enemy whom you remove from your path in secret; but, judged and condemned as he is by public judges appointed to try him, let his execution be public and in the face of day. Proclaim to all the land around that on the day after to-morrow, at the hour of noon, Francis of Foix, condemned to death for having entered your dominions with the semblance of peace; for having gone into your frontier fortresses as a spy, and afterwards having in arms attacked and slain your subjects in the execution of your orders, will bow his head to the block, and undergo the sentence of his judges. Let this be spread far and wide; and, my life for it, if Blanche of Navarre be within hearing of the tale, she will come forth from her concealment to save her lover from the sword."

"Perhaps it may be so," replied the king. "But yet, Isabel, I fear to delay the execution, or to make it too public. Many of the nobles already murmur; many affirm that Blanche is innocent; and I fear that, did the French king, who is even now upon our frontier, afford them any encouragement to deliver his vassal, the Count of Foix, they might rise in rebellion against their monarch's authority. You know not these proud Navarrese, Isabel; you know them not so well as I do."

"Out upon the king who fears his own subjects!" replied Isabel of Valois; "I trust my husband is not such. Call in your troops, my lord; summon round you those whom you know to be faithful to you; and fear not but that the traitors will fall down and lick the dust beneath your feet. Fie on it! the French king gives them no encouragement. Is not Charles my own cousin, near to me in blood and in affection? and had he been willing to espouse the cause of this Count of Foix, would he not have done it long ago, when all the count's followers were clamoring at the gates of Toulouse for assistance? Let it be proclaimed far and near that the count suffers the day after to-morrow; and, without direct assertion, let it be insinuated that the only means to save his life is the production of Blanche of Navarre."

"Well, Isabel," replied the king, "doubtless thou judgest wisely. Order all this as thou wouldst wish: but also take care, and ever remember that many eyes are fixed upon our actions, and that we must not dare to stretch authority beyond a certain limit."

"Dare!" exclaimed Isabel of Valois—"dare!" For a moment she gazed upon him with a glance in which the indignation and contempt of her fiery and haughty spirit struggled with artful wile, customary self-command, and all the subtle coquetry with which woman, weak in power and denied participation of command, so often obtains unseen the authority from which man would exclude her, and rules where she is supposed to be ruled. Art, however, conquered even passion. She cast herself upon the bosom of the king. She bade him think of his honor, where she consulted nothing but her own passions; she bade him consider the claims of justice, while she sought nothing but vengeance. She qualified every evil wish by some glorious name, and she persuaded him to what she would, while he fancied that she but strengthened him in his own upright principles. Her schemes were approved of, her wishes granted; and when she quitted the presence of her husband, her whole step and figure were animated by the thought of having in her power her whom she hated with undivided enmity, and him for whom her love struggled with her wrath in such a way as to make that wrath but the more deadly.

The fatal morning arrived. The glorious sunshine of that bright land spread over the whole scene; and the awful scaffold, covered with cloths of crimson and black, was raised before the windows of the palace. Guards and attendants took their places round about. The gazing crowd had gathered early, and filled all the square; and on a platform which was raised near the spot prepared for the coming tragedy, was seen a chair of state, destined for the monarch of the land, and already surrounded by various officers of his household. It was some time ere the king himself appeared; and when he did so, all eyes were, of course, turned towards that spot; but the dull and heavy frown upon his countenance seemed gathered there expressly to extinguish all hope of mercy from one who had passed his life in idle pursuits, and who had the weaknesses of a gentle mind without possessing any of the redeeming qualities. The trumpets sounded as he appeared. The heralds summoned the Count of Foix in a loud voice, as if he had been a free agent, to appear and answer for the crimes laid to his charge; and in a moment after he was led forward to the front of the scaffold, and the accusation and the sentence read before his face.

He was very pale. The rosy hue of health, which he had regained after his wounds, had faded away under long imprisonment. His eye was calm and steadfast, his step firm and proud; no quivering of the lip betrayed the smallest agitation, no tremor of the frame showed the slightest touch of fear at his meeting face to face with The Great Enemy. He stood calmly, with his manacled arms crossed upon his broad bosom, while the charge and the sentence were read; and his eye wandered over the people, as if he listened but lightly to a matter unworthy of attention, while the calumnies urged against him were repeated, and the iniquitous sentence which doomed him to the block was pronounced. When it was over, and the harsh and dissatisfied murmur had subsided, he addressed the people in a voice, clear but not loud, which penetrated to the utmost extremes of the great square, and was heard almost by every ear in the silent multitude.

"Ye have heard," he said, "charges that are false; and ye have listened to, and sanctioned by your presence, a sentence that is iniquitous in itself, base in its motives, weak in its pretences, and alike unworthy of the monarch of a generous people, and the judges of a free and warlike land. But I am here, a stranger in the midst of you, with none to plead my cause, with none to defend my right; and, although I might well calculate upon some one from amongst the renowned nobility of this country standing forth to do justice to the wronged and the oppressed, yet I forgive even those who abandon me in this my latest hour; and only beseech them to believe that not only am I innocent of one foul charge brought against me, but that the sweet princess of your native land—the pure, the bright, the beautiful, the noble—is belied by the base accusations which have been spoken against her, by the very lips that should have maintained her honor and have upheld her fame. Oh, Blanche of Navarre! Blanche of Navarre! that which weighs most heavily upon this heavy heart is, that my follies, or my vices—follies which thy wisdom has shown me, vices which thy virtues have done away—should have furnished thine enemies with a pretext for blackening the unspotted purity of thy angelic name. Oh, Blanche of Navarre! Blanche of Navarre! if there be one good and noble soul that hears me, he will tell thee, when I am dead, that with my last words, with my latest breath, I did justice to thy purity, and died defending thee from slander!"

There was a movement in the crowd beyond: there came loud voices and shouting tongues. The populace drew back, and opened a way towards the scaffold; and a hand-litter moved forward through the midst, preceded by a cavalier in the simple robes of peace, but followed by a long train of men-at-arms. The King of Navarre gazed eagerly upon the sight, with feelings well nigh approaching unto dastard fear; but his apprehensions were instantly relieved, when he recognized in the first of the train the person of Don Ferdinand de Leyda.

"Where am I?—whither have ye brought me?" said a voice from the litter, as soon as they set it down at the foot of the scaffold; and at the same moment, a small fair hand from within drew back the curtains. It was the hand of Blanche of Navarre. Her eye first fell upon the multitude, who, silent as death, watched for some coming event; and at the sight of the wide sea of human faces that swept around her, she shrunk back again. But the moment after, the scaffold and its dreadful apparel, the block, the executioner, the guards, met her eyes—with Francis of Foix, chained and bare-headed, in the front.

The multitude was forgotten; deep, overpowering love, was all that she felt; all that she thought of was fear for him she loved. She clasped her hands—she gazed at him one moment in breathless agony; then darting forward, she passed the guards, who opposed her not, cast herself into his arms, and wept.

A loud shout of pity and sympathy broke from the people; but it was scarcely sufficient to drown a wild and angry cry which came from a tall window above the scaffold, at which, also, a beautiful but fiend-like face was seen glaring for a moment. There were swords drawn amongst the people also. The men-at-arms who had followed the litter pressed on and surrounded the scaffold; and the king, pale as death, faltered forth an order to stay the execution.

"What is the meaning of all this, Don Ferdinand?" he demanded, endeavoring to assume some portion of kingly dignity. "How dare you approach our presence in arms at such a moment?"

Ere Don Ferdinand could answer, another actor had appeared on that strange scene. Unveiled, uncovered, with her profuse black hair broken from its gatherings, and floating wild about her shoulders—her eyes flashing living fire, her lips quivering, her small hands clenched—Isabel of Valois rushed from the palace and stood beside her husband. "Give the word, my lord!" she cried—"give the word! Strike off the traitor's head! What! will ye suffer him to escape, when one word will bring the sword upon his neck? Then I will speak: strike, executioner—strike! Traitor, do you not obey?"

But the king again held up his hand as a sign to forbear; and Don Ferdinand de Leyda answered: "Let me beseech you, sire," he exclaimed, "on no motive whatsoever, to suffer this matter to proceed. Give instant orders, let me entreat you, for the executioner to descend from the scaffold, lest the tumult go on to dangerous results."

The king followed his suggestion at once, and the movements which were taking place amongst the people subsided; though all pressed forward to gather, as far as possible, what was passing between Don Ferdinand and the king.

"You are in error, sire," continued the former, as soon as the executioner had withdrawn, "you are in error in regard to my having ventured to come armed into your presence. I am unarmed—I am without followers. These men-at-arms before you are the escort of your sister, the Princess Blanche, sent hither with her by your most noble cousin and ally, the King of France. I promised you, sire, that if, on her return, she applied to me, I would bring her to your presence without an instant's delay. I have obeyed you, and have fulfilled my word; but I am charged by the Dauphin Charles, who now holds the valley of Bastan with his forces, to demand at your hands, free and uninjured, his cousin, Francis, Count of Foix. He added, too, a threat, painful for a subject of Navarre to repeat, but it must be told. He says, that if one hair of the count's head has fallen, he will take the crown from off your brow before a month be over: that he will lay the whole land prostrate in blood and ashes, and not leave one stone of your capital city standing upon another."

The king turned towards Isabel of Valois, with his lip and cheek as sickly as a withering flower. "Thou hearest, Isabel," he said—"thou hearest?"

"Coward!" she burst forth, with frantic vehemence—"coward and fool! If thou wouldst deserve the name of man, put on thine armor, mount thy horse, lay thy lance in the rest, call thy nobles to thine aid, and then strike off the head of thine enemy! Put thy little sister in some holy house; set the head of this subtle traitor upon the gates to welcome his French allies; and then lead forth thy barons to fight for their native land!"

"Madam," interposed Don Ferdinand, before the king could answer, "the plan is a brave and goodly one; but, I fear me, it would not succeed."

"Why not?" cried Isabel of Valois—"Traitor! why not? Thou tremblest for thy head—I see it! Thinkest thou that all the nobles of Navarre are false and subtle as thyself? Traitor! I say, why not?"

"For this simple reason," replied Don Ferdinand, taking a roll of parchment from an attendant who had followed him: "the nobles of Navarre, assembled at my house last night, hereby declare that they are ready at all times to aid their king in just and honorable warfare; but they will not support him in unjust deeds, nor draw their swords to pander to the vengeance of a woman. Unless the Count of Foix be freed, and due compensation made unto him for what he has already suffered, not one of all the vassals of the crown will take the field against the power of France so long as the crown rests on the head where now it stands. When France shall have avenged herself against those who have injured and insulted her in the person of one of her high vassals, we will defend ourselves; but we will neither abet nor screen injustice; we will not participate in murder under any form; we will not oppress our native princess, nor bear her fair, her virtuous, and her honored name traduced, and then uphold the calumniator with our swords. Two hundred hands have put their names to this!"

"Hearest thou? hearest thou?" cried Isabel of Valois; her whole frame writhing with the agony of her passion. "Oh, do one manly act, and strike him dead! or let me do it!" she exclaimed, snatching the dagger from her husband's belt, and springing on Don Ferdinand de Leyda. But the wary Navarrese was prepared; he took one step aside, as she darted forward, caught the uplifted hand, wrenched the dagger from it, and cast the weapon, with a scoff, into the crowd. "Madam," he said, "your justice is somewhat summary!"

She stamped, she tore her hair, she rent the covering from her convulsed bosom; her eyes grew wild, the light of reason went out in them; and with loud screams and strange, incoherent blasphemies, she was carried away from that awful scene in the arms of the attendants. The moment that she was gone, Don Ferdinand de Leyda knelt at the king's feet.

"My lord," he said, "we believe that you have been deceived in many things. We pray you, for your own welfare, for the peace of your people, and the safety of your crown, instantly to command those bonds to be taken from the hands of the noble Count de Foix; to send him back in honor to his own country; and as a compensation for the wrongs he has suffered, to grant him the hand of your fair sister, with such a dowry as the States of Navarre shall vote. See, my lord—see how fondly he still holds her to his bosom, even in those manacled arms. Let the chains be taken off; and in pity, let the princess remain. Thus shall you merit the love of your people; thus shall you turn away the enmity of your mighty neighbor; thus shall you render your nobles invincible against your adversaries."

"If such be the wish of my vassals," said the weak king, "be it as you say, Don Ferdinand; I will do anything to gain the love of my people. Nor do I doubt that I have been deceived in this matter, since you assure me that it is so. Let the Count de Foix be set free; and as to my sister Blanche, I beseech you, let her repose with your sister, Don Ferdinand; for I would not take her back to the palace, till I have argued the matter with my fair but somewhat hasty queen."

Don Ferdinand could scarcely repress the scorn that rose in his heart: but he bowed his head low, with all ceremonious respect; and the king, rising, seemed to hesitate whether he should retire or remain. A word from Don Ferdinand, however, induced him at once to withdraw; and the loud shouts which were bursting from the people, as they saw the guards removing the chains from the hands of the Count de Foix, only served to hasten the retreat of the king. With trembling hands, Blanche aided to unbind him she loved; and Don Ferdinand, passing onward to the scaffold, grasped him warmly by the hand. Francis of Foix cast his arms, alternately, round his friend and round her he loved; and amidst the loud and gratulating shouts of the people, they led him down from the scaffold.

Repose and refreshment were necessary to all; and Don Ferdinand would not suffer his friend to agitate the fair girl, whose heart had been already so terribly tried, till she had obtained some rest in the apartments of his sister. At night, however, they all met again: and in that same hall where, on his first coming to Navarre, Francis of Foix had spoken light and unonerous words of Blanche of Navarre; in that same hall he held her to his bosom as his promised bride. The monarch had given his consent; the nobles of Navarre had pledged themselves for the States; and with Ferdinand de Leyda and his fair sister, the count sat down to meat, seated beside her he loved. For a time the emotions of their hearts were too intense for aught but silence; but gradually, as their composure was in some degree restored, and as Don Ferdinand and his sister with kindly skill strove by cheerful words and bland encouragement to banish all the fearful memories of the past, Blanche was won from her silence, and was induced to tell—though the tale was more than once interrupted with tears—the story of all that had befallen her since she had parted with her lover in the mountains.

Oh, with what deep interest, with what intense emotion did Francis of Foix listen to all that she had done, to all that she had suffered! How his heart beat when she told him that the horse which she had ridden had been killed by the lightning, and the poor girl who had followed her nearly destroyed by the hail; how they had found refuge in the dwelling of a hermit, among the hills, and how she heard afterwards that her lover had passed while she remained there. Then she depicted all her anxiety, all her apprehensions, all her efforts to discover him, or to give him notice of where she was; and then she pictured for him all the agony of her mind, when some of the mountaineers, whom she had sent to follow on his track, brought her the tidings of his appearance at Pampeluna, of the dreadful charges uttered against herself, of his arrest and threatened destruction. Then again, how proudly swelled the heart of Francis of Foix as she displayed the deep, determined devotion with which she had resolved to risk everything for him, and only hesitated between returning to Pampeluna and casting herself at her brother's feet, or speeding onward through the mountains and appealing for aid and protection to the King of France.

By the advice of the old man who had given her shelter, she said she had followed the latter course; and on foot, accompanied by no one but the hermit—for her attendant was unable to proceed—she had gone on alone through the steep and rugged passes of the Pyrenees; had encountered danger, privation, fatigue, and pain; had passed through the rude scenes of the French camp; had been insulted by the ribald soldiery; had been driven from the door of the royal tent; but strong in love, in virtue, in noble purposes, had persevered till she obtained admittance, and cast herself at the monarch's feet. She had told him all, she had no concealment from him; she had spoken to him as a daughter confiding in her father; and that noble king, though he justly and wisely obtained from the hermit such confirmation of her tale as he could give, believed her to the full, and instantly commanded his son to advance into Navarre, and see right done to all. He had directed him, first to use gentle means; and if possible to secure his purpose by treaty with the nobles of the land. If that could not be done, he was commanded to use force, and not to sheathe the sword till he had freed or avenged the injured vassal of the French crown.

The result was already manifest: but still, upon all the details Francis of Foix paused with deep and tender interest; making her dwell upon each step she took, repeat over and over again each particular of her story; and tears, which no suffering of his own had been able to draw forth, now rose in his eyes, when he heard the sorrows, the difficulties, and the pangs which for his sake had been encountered by Blanche of Navarre.

The tale of Francis of Foix and her he loved, may now soon be ended. The King of Navarre fulfilled his word to him in all things; for he was no longer under the dominion of the unhappy woman whose violent passions had brought the fearful punishment of insanity upon her own head. Isabel of Valois was never restored to reason; and in less than two years, she died, exhausted by the fury of her ravings. Her husband married again; and though he was still ruled by her he wedded, the sway was more mild, virtuous, and just. Francis of Foix led his bride to the altar, and bore her to his own sweet mountain territory, with joy, and pride, and hope. Blanche of Navarre had taught him the difference between false and real love; and in so teaching had conferred upon him a blessing for which he was never ungrateful.

Their days passed on in happiness and peace; one long lapse of sunshine. She ruled him not; she attempted not to rule him: she had won him to virtue, and she was satisfied. But the love he bore her—the deep, true, ardent, intense, impassioned love which he felt for the only woman he had ever loved truly, ruled him with unshaken power through life.

☞ A very thriving business has been carried on in London lately, in painting sparrows and selling them as canaries.

☞ The only substitute for goose-quills—Sheep-pens.

☞ How to make a hot-bed—set the mattresses on fire.

☞ A member of the New York Legislature, from a remote and isolated district, sat listening to appropriations for repairing breaches in the canal, and finally sprang up and said—"See here, Mr. Speaker, who is this fellow Canal, who wears out so many breeches? I've counted ten of them already—and one pair lasts me a year."

☞ The people of Oswego have been very exultant over the discovery near that city, of a spring whose waters are of a sufficiently nauseous flavor to warrant the belief that they were possessed of superior medicinal qualities—and it was pronounced by physicians as being a mineral spring of the greatest value. The owner was offered $20,000 for the spring, and refused, but since he has pulled out the decomposed bodies of three chickens, four rats, one dog, one cat, and a blacksnake, he will take half that amount. Strange to say, he has abandoned his former idea of erecting a six-story hotel; and, what is equally as strange, the mineral flavor has entirely disappeared from the water.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871.

Hints to Parents.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR DAUGHTERS.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

SCHOOL-GIRLS OVER-ANXIOUS.

Those who have had the most experience in our best schools, maintain that our young ladies are over-ambitious; that they try to do too much in too short a time; that they are much more sensitive to class-standing than boys; that they are more elated by success, and more depressed by failure; that, rather than suffer the latter, many are ready to sacrifice food, sleep, rest, recreation, and that many fail by reason of over-anxiety. As a professor once said to me, "the girls would get on well enough at school if they were not so sensitive." "True," I replied, "but then they would not be girls." It is a part of their organization, and ought not to be deprecated, but so directed as not to take on morbid manifestations. In the fear that they shall fail, they study too long on a lesson and get mentally muddled, and hence do fail at a recitation from sheer weariness of head. They say sometimes, "The more I study the less I know," and this is often true. It is not the number of hours, but the life, clearness, and strength which we bring to the lesson, that accomplishes the work. When these are exhausted, the book should be laid aside. In lack of a good night's sleep they may fail to recite a lesson well learned the day before, or may fail to learn the present lessons, though they bend the head and fix the attention till the neck aches and the eyes are dim, simply because the head, so to speak, is so weary it can't work.

Between science and literature, music and mathematics, ancient and modern languages, art studies, and general esthetic culture, our young ladies have undertaken more than they, with their small waists and weak spines, can well accomplish. Let each one look over the list and decide which they will leave, and which they will learn. In view of the many things which they may, can, must, might, could, would, or should study, I have inquired of their professors as to what class of studies seemed best adapted to their mental organization, and from the report given, there must be much good scholarship among them, or else much credit given on the score of gallantry. Each teacher would claim that they were remarkably successful in his department, better on an average than a class of gentlemen. For instance, the professor of mathematics would say that there was a "nicety, an exactness in feminine minds," which fitted them peculiarly for figures, and made them enjoy greatly the results. The linguist will say, "Young ladies are so interested in literature, appreciate exquisite renderings," etc. The teacher in the natural sciences will tell you the world of nature is just the field for women. The physical sciences give them so much pleasure in out-door life, and teach them much that is of practical utility. I too have looked with interest to this department, hoping it would afford permanent interest to our daughters, so that there would be continued and profitable study after leaving school, and thus less tendency to fiction, embroidery, and "fancy fixings" generally. I have hoped that a more intimate knowledge of the world, above, beneath, around, would render them more steady and sensible, and less nervous and excitable.—*Herald of Health.*

Cat's Tail for Medicine.

Remedies quite as absurd as this were gravely prescribed by the medical faculty two hundred years ago. It is hardly strange that ignorant people should be found who cling to follies of this sort even now.

Mr. Bowditch writes to the Troy Times: A friend from Shrewsbury, England, tells the following story, to prove how changeless and superstitious the poor still are in retired places. The doctor that attended his family had been lately called in to a girl who was suffering from epileptic fits. Her mother had been doctoring her, but on a sudden had abandoned her remedies. The reason of this change the doctor could not discover for a long time. At last, in a moment of gossiping confidence, the mother told him the secret of her great remedy for epilepsy, and the reason of its abandonment.

"Look'ee here, doctor," said she: "it was always Jane's custom at the full of the moon to have a fit; so one day, when I got desperate about it, I thought of an old remdy of my mother's, and I called our old tom-cat to me. I put him in a basket with his tail out, and went to the dresser, and cut off the last joint of his tail; and then I took that and dropped the blood into a tea-cup with some lemon-juice, and gave it to Jane. And so I did every month. Well, at last the time came to cut the last joint off poor pussy's tail; but this time he guessed what I was going to do, and sprang out of the basket, scratched me down the face, and has never been heard from since; and that's the reason, doctor, why I sent for you."

Saint Nicholas.

Some time since, a maiden in a village not far from Paris, finding years stealing away and no suitor for her hand appearing, bought a plaster statuette of St. Nicholas, placed it at the head of her bed, and night and morning addressed fervent supplications to it to send her a suitable helpmate. Months went by without bringing a lover. Her stock of patience now became exhausted; she lost all confidence in the saint. Taking the statuette by the nape of the neck she cast it into the street. As she threw it out, a young man happened to be passing under the window. The statuette fell on his poll, and not only stunned him, but as it broke to atoms cut his scalp severely.

Blood poured profusely forth. He straightway went to an attorney, and brought suit against the person who had wounded him. He asked heavy damages. He did not see the defendant to the suit until she appeared in court. Her person and mein made a deep impression on him, and he asked leave to withdraw his suit. She, delighted by this termination of legal proceedings, was very gracious to him, and they were ultimately married.

☞ Blondes are dying out.

☞ Miss Newbold, of the United States, says the London Court Journal, "was remarked for her beauty and elegance at one of the Queen's recent drawing-rooms at Buckingham Palace."

WHAT HAPPENED TO MINTY.

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

Minty Drew, as she took up a gray stocking and commenced to knit vigorously, said to herself: "I do wish anything ever happened! It's the same thing over and over every day; get breakfast, wash dishes, clear up the house, get dinner, wash dishes, and clear up again, and then sit down to knit, and sew, and mend till supper time. I wish we could go travelling; I wish we had visitors; I wish a carriage would break down in front of the house, and somebody get hurt and have to be brought in here and taken care of. I wish some one would leave us a fortune, or write us a letter, or send us a present—anything at all, I don't care what, if only something *would* happen! It is so dull, my mind is all dying out; I'm getting to be nothing better than a sweeping machine or a washing machine. Ben, he don't mind; he's out in the field all day with the men, and once a week he drives to market. But oh, I do wish something would happen here in the house!"

It was a reckless wish. The clock heard it, and ticked more solemnly than ever; the bright tin pans on the shelf heard it, and shook; the cat heard it, and crept farther under the stove; the roses waving by the open window heard it, and breathed forth their sweetest fragrance. They had something to tell, if she could only have understood them.

"I'm tired of the sunshine," went on Minty, as she unwound the yarn and set herself a "stent." "I'm tired of those straight old poplar trees, and the board fence, and the tiresome well sweep. It is dreadful to keep seeing them over and over every day of my life, when the world is so great and so full of other things. I do wish something would happen—something great, something exciting!"

There was a hush all through the neat little kitchen; it never seemed so still before. The clock ticked ominously. There are always such great, exciting things that might happen in an instant, if Providence did not hold them back. Think in what a brief second the ground opens and an earthquake devastates; how in a breath the destroying hurricane comes, and sweeps homes and lives away; how the clouds may gather and the lightning fall and pierce the dearest heart; what strange and unforeseen calamities may overtake us in an hour, a moment, and make death our one desire!

But Minty did not take back her wish, and she looked discontentedly around her pleasant home and the sunny little yard.

"I know what I will do," she said at length, putting down the stocking. "I mean to take the spade and go out and transplant a rose bush. I have been wishing for a year that there was one over by the gate post, and now I will go set one out there. They are too thick here by the window."

Minty put on her sun-bonnet, and with spade and hoe went to work, digging a hole over by the gate post; and when she had made it wide enough and deep enough, she went back by the window to take up one of the bushes.

"It's only three," she said, as the clock struck, "and Ben won't get home till six. Dear me, spading is hard work."

She dug and dug about the rose bush, but the roots ran deep, and it took a good while to get them loosened. At last, with a great pull, up came the bush reluctantly, and Minty stood by it a moment to take breath, flushed and triumphant.

"I wonder if the rose bush has been wanting anything to happen to it," she said, laughing. "It is going to stand in another place now, and have different views of the world. I shall put it where it can look up and down the street. What a great hole the roots have left; and oh, what is that shining down there in the dirt? It can't be my brass thimble, can it?"

She stooped to pick it up, but it resisted her—and pushing the earth away from around it, she found that it was a box with brass-bound corners, buried there. With new strength, she took the spade again and dug deeper, till at last she could get hold of the box and lift it out on the ground beside her. It was not large, but old, and appeared to be made of mahogany. It was also locked.

Minty's eyes grew big and bright; her heart beat so she could hardly breathe. She took the box up and carried it into the house, leaving spade and bush lying on the ground.

"Oh, how shall I ever open it!" she exclaimed; "the lock is all rusty and full of dirt, even if I had a key to fit it. I can't possibly wait till Ben comes home. I will get a chisel or a hatchet. Why, it may be hundreds of years old!"

She got a stout chisel and pried it under every part of the lid; the rust had nearly eaten through the small hinges, and they gave way. At last she was able to take the top entirely off, and then she looked in, trembling with excitement.

Teaspoons first met her sight—quaint old teaspoons, heavy and solid, with sharp-pointed handles, but discolored and tarnished by time and damp. There were eleven of them, marked "R. D." Minty ran to her closet, and took out a bright, clean teaspoon, marked "R. D." also, which completed the set.

"Aunt Roxy's spoons, as sure as I live!" exclaimed Minty. "And I remember they all wondered so much what she had done with them. Ben's mother used to tell me about it. She was Ben's great aunt, and lived all alone in this house till she died. What ever could have made her hide her spoons away in the ground? I believe they said she was a little out of her head the last few years, and she was over eighty. How strange that I should find them!"

Minty took the spoons, one by one, all out of the box, and laid them on the table. Then she lifted up some old bits of wrapping paper, and saw next, while her heart almost stopped beating, some rolls of money. Yes, money! Real, old silver dollars, bound together in rolls, and there were ten rolls, fifteen dollars in each roll.

"A hundred and fifty dollars!" murmured Minty, with wild visions of ease and luxury and great possibilities flitting through her mind. "Oh, how lucky, how lucky I am! And oh, if there isn't here down in the very bottom of the box an old breastpin! Those are pearls in it. I can have them re-set. A hundred and fifty dollars and a pearl pin!"

"Good-day, lady, good-day!" said a strange voice with foreign accent at the open door behind. Minty started, threw her apron over the box and treasures on the table, and turning, saw a dark, wiry man, with keen black eyes, bending under a large pack. He was a peddler, and as she looked, he stepped quite into the kitchen.

"I wonder how long he has been there!" thought Minty suspiciously; but he did not glance at the table where the box lay. He seated himself familiarly in a low chair, and wiped the perspiration from his face.

"It's a very warm day, lady," he said then, beginning at once to open his pack. "I have many things to sell here cheap, that will suit you—buttons, sewing silk, handkerchiefs, thimbles, scissors, trimmings, ribbons; will you buy some ribbons, lady?"

"Thank you, I don't wish for anything to-day," replied Minty, wishing he would go, for she did not like the look he cast on her with those black eyes. He paid no attention, however, but went on:

"Tape, hooks and eyes, thread, needles, hose, pins, collars, gloves—any gloves, lady?"

"No, nothing at all," said Minty, shaking her head.

"Any perfumery, cologne, musk, Jockey Club? Any jewelry, lady? See, I have in this side case a few choice rings, bracelets, brooches. I am sure you would like these ear-rings, lady."

Minty did step a little nearer then, and look. Such pretty ear-rings, flashing in the light as they dangled from the peddler's brown fingers! Minty had had her ears pierced long ago, but never had anything but little slender hoops of gold to wear in them. How beautiful these long shining pendants would look! She hesitated a moment, but then shook her head wisely, thinking she must not begin to spend her new-found riches on ornaments at once.

"No, I can't buy them," she said slowly.

The peddler turned over his goods with undiminished cordiality. "I don't charge a cent for looking at things as long as you want to, even if you don't want to buy. I'm glad to rest a few minutes. Sit down, lady, and look at anything you like. Just see how good this cologne smells. You may put a drop on your handkerchief, if you want to."

Quite won over by this disinterestedness, Minty drew a chair near the pack, and taking the little bottle, smelled of the cologne. How fragrant and delicious it was! Minty always liked perfumes.

"Here's the musk now, a most valuable perfume. A grain of it will fill the room with the scent for a hundred years. Just smell of it!"

Minty smelled of the musk too, and had half a mind to buy some, but checked herself.

"And here's the Jockey Club—regular Lubin—can't be beat in the world. Try the Jockey Club, lady!"

Oh, how nice it was! Minty hated to put down the bottle.

"I see you know a good perfume," said the strange peddler, laughing and showing his white teeth, while his black eyes fairly seemed to dance. "Well, now, I am going to show you a very choice and costly perfume, that I seldom ever offer to customers; they can't afford it, many of them. But you may try it, lady—yes, you may try it. Take a long, deep breath of it; you can't get enough."

Minty took the curiously carved bottle, which held a colorless liquid, and preparing herself for a pleasurable sensation, inhaled a long, deep breath of it, as he told her. Why, what a strange, sweet, penetrating odor it had—not exactly agreeable, either, she thought, really almost sickening, it was so sweet; but she took another long breath of it, to be sure about it, and then another. How queer things began to seem around her! Had this strange perfume gone to her head? She felt faint and dizzy, and could not really seem to see anything plainly but the peddler's keen black eyes. She thought with horror that they were like snake's eyes, and were fascinating her. He had started up from the chair, and snatching the bottle from her hands, poured its contents out upon her handkerchief, and thrust it in her face, holding it closely to her nose and lips. Minty sank back in her chair in utter unconsciousness.

When she came to herself, the sun had got round to the west window and was shining in brightly on the rag carpet; the handkerchief had fallen to a crumpled heap to the floor, the cat was cowering behind the stove, and the hands of the clock pointed to half-past five. Minty looked around in bewilderment, rubbed her eyes confusedly, thought how late it was, and that she must get Ben's supper ready right away. Her head ached, and she wondered if she had been asleep. Little by little, however, she remembered everything at last, and with a cry of alarm turned towards the table. Alas! the apron lay on the floor, and the box—the precious old box with all the rolls of silver dollars in it—was gone! The teaspoons were gone, too, and even the old pearl breastpin. They were all swept clean away, as though they never had been there.

"Oh, that wicked, wicked peddler!" said Minty, sobbing and crying. "He has stolen everything I found—all Aunt Roxy's buried treasure! Oh, how miserable I am! and how can I ever tell Ben?"

It was too true. The peddler, coming unheard to the door, had seen her examining the rolls of money, and heard her exclamations of delight. After that he did not care whether she bought anything or not, if only by some wicked trick he could manage to get possession of the prize on the table. And so when she became interested in the perfumes, he had slyly given her a bottle of chloroform to smell, and poor Minty, entirely ignorant of its power, was readily affected; and when he drenched the handkerchief and held it to her face, she became entirely senseless. Then he hastened to the table, took box, money, spoons, and pin, everything he could seize, and putting them in his pack and closing it up as before, sauntered leisurely out of the house to avoid the suspicion of passers-by, and the first moment that he could do so, slipped away into the woods.

At six o'clock Ben came whistling home from his work, and found no supper, but Minty crying as if her heart would break. She soon told him all the story, and after his first alarm and indignation had subsided, he said, with a short, philosophic laugh—

"So then, after all, we are just about what we were when I went away at noon, neither better nor worse off, neither richer nor poorer. We have got along very well, so far, without Aunt Roxy's treasures, and as we never counted on them, we can't feel disappointed; and we can get along just as well without them, can't we, Minty, dear?"

"But it is so provoking," said Minty, wiping her eyes. "I was feeling so unhappy and restless, and kept wishing something would happen—something great and exciting—and then I found all those things in such a wonderful way, as if they were just lying there waiting. And then to think that before I had hardly looked at them, that wicked man should come in and half kill me, and steal them all away! And now I feel so miserable and almost frightened to death. I declare I wish nothing had happened at all, but that I had sat here quietly all the afternoon and finished the stocking. Oh, dear!"

"Never mind, Minty," said Ben, putting on his hat again; "I am going out to set the whole neighborhood on the track of that rascal, and we will punish him for his tricks."

And so they did. The thief was caught and the treasures recovered; but Minty never could think of that afternoon's terror without a shiver—and never after was known to wish so recklessly that something might happen, no matter what.—*Schoolday Visitor.*

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ Said a pompous husband, whose wife had stolen up behind him and given him a kiss, "Madame, I consider such an act indecorous!" "Excuse me," said his wife, "I didn't know it was you."

☞ Experienced husbands can tell when their wives are about to ask for money by the way they purse their mouths.

☞ "This world is all a fleeting show," said a priest to a culprit on the gallows. "Yes," was the prompt reply, "but if you have no objection, "I'd like to see the show a little longer."

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.—*Longfellow.*

☞ There was a jolly old captain in the 18th Missouri regiment of mounted infantry. He was everything good and efficient as an officer, a friend and a gentleman, but he never deemed a close study of the dictionary as essential to getting a living or subduing a Southern rebellion. One hot day the captain floating around, sat down under the arbor in front of a fellow-officer's tent, and picking up a late paper, commenced to read aloud the heading of the telegraph column as follows:—"Repulse—of—a—sortie—at—Charleston." Says he, after musing a moment, "Sortie? Sortie? *A Sortie?* Cap, have the rebels any general by the name of A. Sortie?" "Certainly, I've heard of old Sortie frequently." "Well, I guess I have," said the captain. "Come to think now, I've hearn of his being repulsed very often."

☞ The Rev. Asa Bullard has been gathering facts and figures to refute the saying that ministers' sons and deacons' daughters are more irreligious than others. Massachusetts and Connecticut furnished the field. In 448 ministers' and deacons' families there were 2,101 children over fifteen years of age, of whom 1,414 were hopefully pious, 93 were in the ministry or fitting for it, and only 34 dissipated; and all the remaining children, with very few exceptions, were respectable and useful citizens. Mr. Bullard challenges a comparison with these figures on the part of any other class or profession among parents.

☞ If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

☞ IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.—The Rochester Union, in an article commenting upon the value of printer's ink, says:—

"We have kept the run of parties who use the papers of the city for advertising for the last twenty years, and know whereof we speak; and we say distinctly that we have never known a party to fail in business if he attended to his business, advertised judiciously, and had the goods and the prices to back up his advertisement.

☞ A Maine man has invented a new style spring bedstead; it is wound up at night, set to the hour one wishes to rise, on the arrival of which it turns the occupant out on the floor, and curls itself up hammock fashion.

☞ A bashful young man was escorting a bashful young lady, when she said, entreatingly:—"Jabez, don't tell anybody you beaued me home." "Don't be afraid," replied he, "I am as much ashamed of it as you are." That settled it.

☞ A horse-dealer had a son, who, being a lad of spirit, proposed as a novel expedient to open a stable on the principle of strictly honest dealing; but the father discouraged the idea, observing, "he disliked speculation."

☞ A LOVE STORY: DON'T BE TOO HASTY.—We were nearing a small skirt of woods, the horses at their best speed. I had determined in my own mind that when we reached a particular spot I would "pop" the question, and so I did, but—would you believe me?—she said *no*. Just as the word escaped her lips, I purposely ran the sleigh over a stump. Out we went—she to cool herself in the snow, and I to counteract the damage she had given my affections. Her first words after getting in the sleigh were, "Excuse me, sir; I wished to tell you to *notice* the stump." My wife often refers to the sleigh-ride, but to this day she believes it was an accident.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—9000 bbls sold at from $5,25@5,50 for superfine; $6,75@8 for extra; $6,50@7,25 for Northwest extra family; $7,00@7,75 for Penna and Ohio family, and $8,00@9,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5,75@5,87½ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—35,000 bus sold at $1,60@1,68 for Ohio and Indiana red; $1,50@1,55 for Penna red; $1,63@1,66 for Western amber, and $1,70@1,75 ₱ bus for white. Rye—Sales at $1,10@1,15 ₱ bus. Corn—Sales of 60,000 bus at 74@76c for yellow, and 72@74c ₱ bus for Western mixed. Oats—Sales of 75,000 bus at 66@67c ₱ bus for mixed, and 68@69c ₱ bus for prime white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $16@16,50 and extra prime at $14. Mess Beef is steady at $18 ₱ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $25@28 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 14@15c; Excelsior hams at 16c; sides at 9½@10½c, and shoulders at 7@7½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 12@13c; sides at 9@9½c, and shoulders, in salt, at 6½@6¾c. Lard—Sales of 300 bbls and tierces at 9½@10½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 10@15c; Penna store packed at 15@18c, and roll at 18@22c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 18@19c ₱ dozen. Cheese sells at 10@14c ₱ lb.

COTTON—700 bales of middlings sold at 20@20½c ₱ lb for upland, and 20½@21c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $38 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark at $15@20 ₱ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX at 33@34c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $6@7 ₱ bbl.

HOPS—Sales at 7@15c.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₱ 100 lbs, $1,40@1,50; mixed do, $1,15@1,35; straw, $1,50@1,55.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 700 tons No 1 at $35 ₱ ton; and No. 2 at $32; and Grey Forge at $28 ₱ ton. Scotch Pig at $31@32,50 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed at 9½@10c ₱ lb. Timothy at $5@6. Flaxseed at $2,20.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 4@7¼ cts ₱ lb. 250 Cows brought from $40 to $65 ₱ head. Sheep—14,000 head were disposed of at from 4½@5½c ₱ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $5,50 to $6,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

☞ The minutest of those whom war has exiled from France is the "Princess" Felicie, who is now on view in London for a small cash consideration. She is a pure dwarf, the smallest ever exhibited in that capital—one beside whom Minnie Warren is a giantess. She is now in her ninth year, measures less than nineteen inches in height, and weighs just six pounds; is of perfect symmetry in limb and feature, and altogether a pleasing and gentle child.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY, & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.
ap22-tf

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from all parts of the body *in five minutes without injury to the skin*, by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. Sent by mail for $1.25 by S. C. UPHAM, No 106 south Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists. Circulars free. may 27-13t

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE.

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes* and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail. Address, S. C. UPHAM, 106 south Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. may27-13t

A Chapter of Facts.

Space is valuable in a newspaper, and it is therefore proposed in this advertisement to condense a variety of facts, important to the public, into a small compass. Those facts refer to HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—what that celebrated medicine is, and what it will do. In the first place, then, the article is a stimulant, tonic and alterative, consisting of a combination of an absolutely pure spirituous agent with the most valuable medicinal vegetable substances that Botanic research has placed at the disposal of the chemist and the physician. Those ingredients are compounded with great care, and in such proportions as to produce a preparation which invigorates without exciting the general system, and tones, regulates and controls the stomach, the bowels, the liver, and the minor secretive organs.

What this great restorative will do must be gathered from what it has done. The case of dyspepsia, or any other form of indigestion, in which it has been persistently administered without effecting a radical cure, is yet to be heard from, and the same may be said of bilious disorders, intermittent fever, nervous affections, general debility, constipation, sick headache, mental disabilities to which the feeble are so subject. It purifies all the fluids of the body, including the blood, and the gentle stimulus which it imparts to the nervous system is not succeeded by the slightest reaction. This is a chapter of facts which readers, for their own sakes, should mark and remember. jun3-4t

FITS! FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS* to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. ap22-3m

500,000 PEOPLE have used *DR. J. MILLER'S SOOTHING AND HEALING BALSAM*—the best family medicine in the world for internal and external complaints. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. J. MILLER & SONS, Proprietors, 212 Broadway, (Knox's Building) N. Y.

Please send for Circular. Established 1857.
ap8-3m

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN, use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION*. It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.
ap8 3m

DR. S. S. FITCH

sends his **"Family Physician,"** 96 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. may13-1y

All Women are not Beautiful, but all may have a pretty complexion and a soft skin by the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm. Instead of having a face covered with coarse Pimples, Sunburn, Moth-patches, &c., she may possess a pearl-like complexion, the envy of her sex, and the admiration of the other. Its effects are wonderful. Nothing so transforms a rustic girl into a city belle as this Balm. It imparts a youthful bloom to the countenance, and really makes a lady of 35 appear but 18. In connection with the Balm use Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon, the oldest, the best, and the most popular hair dressing in the world. It causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, and prevents it from falling off and turning gray. jn17-4t

Interesting to Ladies.

For twelve years my Grover & Baker Sewing Machine had been a faithful and unfailing servant, doing all the work required in my business of dressmaking in the most satisfactory manner. I had previously a Shuttle Machine, and the time consumed in filling the bobbins I found to be a troublesome hindrance. The stitch both for ironing and wear I consider preferable to all others.

MRS. AMELIA M. BOLTON,
West Dayton, O.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA is the Great Blood Purifier; thoroughly cleanses and renovates the entire system, and readily enters into the circulation of the blood; after purging with HELMBOLD'S GRAPE PILLS, the foul humors that have accumulated in the system for years. Both are carefully prepared according to the rules of Pharmacy and Chemistry, and are thoroughly reliable. A test of 20 years has proved this. Try them.

ALONE WITH MY CONSCIENCE.

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where Time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased,
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.
The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might,
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.
And I thought of a far-away warning
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time.
And I thought of my former thinking
Of the judgment-day to be,
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.
And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.
Then I woke from my timely dreaming
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday.
And I pray that I may not forget it
In this land before the grave;
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.
And so I have learnt a lesson
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learnt it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future
In the land where time will cease.
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

KILLED BY SLANDER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ELLA WHEELER.

The sweet May sunshine fell in golden showers upon the few streets of Hydeville that drowsy Sabbath morning, and the grass that had been soaked with rain for a week past, was as bright and soft as green velvet, and the heart of Bessie Brown—the little milliner of Hydeville—swelled with a nameless joy and happiness, as she shut her shop door, and walked down the street toward the village church; its only church where Congregationalist, Methodist, Episcopalian and Universalist, each and all gathered upon the Sabbath to listen to the word of God, and to gossip after service.

Hydeville was one of those slow, "one horse" inland hamlets, that are so plentiful in the West, where the inhabitants dress extravagantly, think lightly, and feast upon gossip.

Bessie Brown had been there only one year, but long enough to establish her reputation as a milliner, and to set the hearts of the Hydeville swains aflame with love, and consequently to render the young ladies green with envy and jealousy.

Bessie walked swiftly down the street for she was late that morning. It was not intentional, not "done to attract attention" as was said after service, but she had sat up late the preceding evening to finish a hat for Miss Sheldon, and a bonnet for Mrs. Adams, and in consequence had overslept the next morning. She had worked hard that week all through. There had been new hats to trim, and old hats to make over, and dresses and mantles and sacques to cut for half the maidens in Hydeville, besides a suit to finish for herself.

She wore it that morning; a fresh, pretty silk, trimmed with dainty laces, and fitting the graceful figure to perfection, as did all her garments. She was modestly and becomingly attired, from the white lace hat with its drooping buds and sprays, to the neatly gaitered foot that tripped down the street.

There was a little stir in the congregation as she entered, as there always was wherever sweet-faced Bessie Brown went.

She took her seat in the central row of pews, and the young men upon either side, feasted their eyes upon her pure profile, seeing that she looked unusually lovely, but not knowing why, while the young ladies upon either side surveyed her "spring suit" from the corners of their eyes, and jotted down items in their memories, to chat over after service.

Charlie Sterns walked home with Miss Brown, much to the annoyance of several other parties. Just behind them walked Mrs. Adams and her yellow-haired daughter Celia, Mrs. Winslow, Miss Sheldon and Miss Martin.

"Lots of style at church to-day," whispered Mrs. Adams to Mrs. Winslow, with an expressive glance at the slender figure a few rods in advance.

"Yes! we were out in gay feathers! I wonder where that girl gets her money to dress as she does?"

"Oh, in making bonnets and dresses of course." It was a harmless sentence that fell from Mrs. Adams' lips; yet her manner and voice were so peculiar, her inflections so meaning, that the two women looked quickly at each other, and the three young ladies exchanged glances.

"She is a hard working girl," Mrs. Winslow said, "and she certainly has accomplished a great deal since she came here. Very few girls as young as she is, could fight against poverty, single handed and alone, and succeed as she has, I think—but it does seem a little strange, the way she spends money, and I can't help wondering about it sometimes." Mrs. Adams sniffed—

"It not only seems strange, but it seems very suspicious," she said in a confidential whisper.

"I believe in folks dressing well, and as fine as they choose, but it don't look well, according to my ideas of propriety, to see a young girl like her there, coming out every little while with a new silk dress, or a costly poplin, or alpaca, and so on. It attracts the eyes of the young men, to be sure, and as it seems to me, it is mostly done for that."

"Oh mother, I think you judge Bessie harshly," spoke up yellow-haired Celia, who had a habit of "playing angel" by speaking one word of praise, or defense, and two of censure afterward. Too many young ladies have that habit."

"Bessie has a fondness for pretty and becoming apparel like the majority of young ladies, and she has means to indulge her tastes; but I do think, myself, that she is over fond of the young men's admiration. I have often wished she was more retiring, and modest, as I feared her forwardness might occasion remark."

Miss Celia felt that she had made a very pretty little speech, giving vent to some of the malice she felt toward Bessie for winning Charlie Sterns, and yet so carefully worded as not to conflict with her reputation for angelic qualities of mind. Mrs. Adams smiled approvingly upon her daughter.

"It is just like Celia," she said to Mrs. Winslow, "always to look upon the best side. She's forever excusing people's faults, dear girl, she is so tender hearted. But as for me, I don't believe in excusing too much. It is upholding wrong doers, to let them go on and act as if you didn't see them."

"I suppose Bessie Brown thinks her pretty face will carry her through, let her act as she may, but she'll find her mistake before she dies perhaps."

"Oh my! do you think she is pretty, Celia?" exclaimed silly Dell Martin, turning to Celia. "I have heard lots of folks speak just as though she was a beauty, but I don't see any thing even pretty about her, excepting her complexion. Her features are no handsomer than other folks, as I can see."

The yellow-haired angel smiled a heavenly smile.

"People differ in their tastes," she said sweetly. "I do not think Bessie possesses any beauty, unless, as you say, it is her complexion. And if that is natural, as I never heard doubted, it certainly is a great addition to her appearance."

"I thought her cheeks looked queer to-day," Dell said, catching at Celia's insinuation. "They were spotted, red and white, and the rest of her face was as white as marble. I never saw anybody look just like that before. I couldn't help wondering how she did it."

Celia smiled serenely. "These milliners keep up with the times always," she said.

That was how it all started; no word had ever been breathed against Bessie Brown before that day. There was very little said then to be sure. But "behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

There was a little gathering in the village a week later. Mrs. Winters' son had returned from abroad, and she gave a party in honor of the event. All the young people in the village were there.

Pretty Bessie Brown was chatting with Charlie Sterns early in the evening, looking unutterably lovely in her dainty garments, when Alex Winter's eyes rested upon her in pleased admiration.

"What a lovely girl," he said to Miss Oliver, who stood near him. "Who is she?"

Miss Oliver glanced at Bessie. "Oh, that is our milliner—Miss Brown. Yes, she is a very pretty girl."

"What a lovely complexion," continued Mr. Winters, feasting his eyes upon Bessie's fair face. "The pure lily and rose."

"Yes, she gets herself up very artistically."

Mr. Winters looked inquiringly at Miss Oliver.

"You don't mean to say—" he began, and Miss Oliver—a bright, merry, well-meaning, but thoughtless girl—interrupted laughingly—

"Oh, don't look so shocked. It's a mournful fact that Miss Bessie Brown owes her lovely complexion to paint and powder, and not to nature. I never knew it until recently, but I understand it to be a well-known fact now. But she is a pretty girl, and you surely ought, with your experience, to know by this time that women are not always what they seem."

Miss Oliver had not the least idea that she was telling anything but the truth. Miss Sheldon having in mind what Miss Celia Adams and Miss Dell Martin had said coming from church, remarked to her mother that evening that "some folks" thought Bessie Brown painted. Mrs. Sheldon the following day asked her boarder, Miss Stephens, if she knew that Bessie Brown's complexion was not natural; and not long after Miss Stephens went to call on Miss Oliver, and while they sat chatting together Bessie Brown tripped by the window, and Miss Stephens said:

"I was quite surprised when I learned that Miss Brown painted. She always seemed such a guileless little thing; but it seems she owes her fair face to the paint brush."

But that Sunday gossip, already recorded, did not end here.

Mrs. Winslow related it to her husband that night after they had retired, telling all that Mrs. Adams said.

"And I could not help wondering at her speaking so," she said in conclusion. "I think she must have heard something about Bessie, but I would not ask her. I am sure I never heard anything against the girl."

"Nor I," responded Mr. Winslow, "but I have had my own suspicions. One thing I have wondered about a good deal lately, though I never spoke of it to any one before. You know Ned Peters—the worst scamp in the community, whom no respectable girl would be seen talking with. Well, he came into my store on Tuesday night, just at dusk, and made purchases to the amount of five dollars. He handed me a ten to get my pay from, and I gave him back a five-dollar bill with a patch across its middle, and one corner torn a little. I had had it in the drawer a good while, had mended it myself, and should have known it anywhere, and of course I recognised it when Bessie Brown handed it to me early on Wednesday morning, in payment for some vases and other knick-knacks she had bought of me at different times. I knew the bill in a minute, and I said 'nice morning, Miss Bessie, had any customers yet to-day?' 'No,' she said, 'it is too early in the morning for them. I got up quite early to set my shop to rights, and as I was arranging my flower pots and vases I remembered that I owed you for them, so I thought I would just run over and pay you before I spent the money. You know I am a little spendthrift, Mr. Winslow,' she said kind of laughingly as she went out of the door. It bothers me to understand how she came with the money I gave Ned Peters late the night before. Ned has no mother, sweetheart, or sister that could have got hold of it, besides it was after shop hours that he was in, and she said she had had no customers that morning. It looked kind of dark to me, but I didn't say anything about it, and shouldn't now but to you, and you'd better not speak of it out of the family. Bessie is a nice little girl to all appearances, and I don't want to start any scandal."

But Mrs. Winslow could not keep this rare tit-bit to herself. The following afternoon she called upon Mrs. Sheldon, and extracting a promise of secrecy she made that lady her confidant.

But after Mrs. Winslow had departed Mrs. Sheldon became alarmed lest keeping this precious scrap of gossip a secret should be "winking at iniquities;" and having fully assured herself that it would, she donned her bonnet and ran across the street to talk it over with Mrs. Adams.

Mrs. Adams was horrified. "Worse and worse," she exclaimed, rolling her eyes in distress. "What is that girl comin' to! Seein' the truth is gettin' out, I may as well tell what *I* know. About a week ago my little Willie was taken with the croup, or a touch of it, in the night. I think 'twas near eleven o'clock, and there wasn't a light in the village anywhere. The moon shone bright as day 'most, and as I went to close my window, fearing Willie might catch more cold, I heard voices, and lookin' down the street, I saw a man just stealin' out of Bessie Brown's shop. I thought of thieves at first, but I heard the door shut after him by some one inside, heard the lock turned, and then the farther door that leads into Bessie's bedroom slammed to, and all was still. I have wondered a good deal what it meant, but I guess it is easily explained. Ah me! what is the world comin' to?"

Before forty-eight hours had passed, the shameful scandal was half through the village. There were plenty ready to seize the sweet morsel and roll it upon their tongues, and of course it was enlarged and exaggerated with every repetition. The old ladies whispered it over their tea cups, the old men talked it in the stores and the post-office, the young loafers told it with oaths upon the street corners, and the young ladies said to each other, "Have you heard that awful story about Bessie Brown? I don't believe one word of it, but they say so."

But Bessie Brown, sitting singing at her work in the pleasant little shop, knew nothing of this for many a day. Her conscience was clear, her mind pure, her heart light, and she never dreamed that the breath of slander could touch her fair fame.

But by-and-by she fell to wondering why her companions—the girls who had sought her society and fondled and caressed her previously—acted so strangely toward her. And then there were two or three little gatherings in the village, to which she was not invited: a thing which had never occurred before since she came to Hydeville. And some of the loafers and the little boys made impudent remarks and stared at her as she passed them in the street; and then Bessie Brown knew what it all meant—knew that her character had been assailed, though she knew not how, or why, or wherefore. And the rose faded out of her cheek and the light from her eye, and her step grew listless and weary; and the dreary weeks dragged by.

Charlie Sterns saw how she was drooping, and he came to her one day. "Bessie," he said tenderly, "I want you for my wife. You are wearing your life out in this work, and I have a good home to offer you. Will you come?"

And to his surprise Bessie burst into hysterical sobs. "No, no," she said, "you ask me this out of pity—you know what people are saying, and you pity me. I thank you for it, but I cannot accept your offer."

Charlie took her hands tenderly in his own. "I know what people say about you, yes," he said. "But I do not ask you to be my wife out of pity. I ask you because I love you. Give me the right to defend you against all the world, Bessie, and no one shall dare speak aught against you."

But Bessie would not listen to him. "I cannot marry you," she said. "I cannot marry any man now. I know and God knows that I am innocent of all that is being said about me, whatever it is. But I will not bring my name with a stain upon it to any man. I will go away—I will not stay here. Oh God, I wish I might die."

It was not long before Bessie Brown's pale cheeks and hollow eyes began to attract attention. Dr. Drew met her on the street one day, and stopped her as she was about to pass him. "My dear young lady," he said kindly, "I find you will not speak to me about your health, and so I am forced to speak to you. What is the matter? You are looking wretched."

"I am not very well," she said, looking up at him with such weary eyes that his heart ached for her.

"I should think not," he said emphatically. "Do you not rest well of nights?"

"Not very."

"Do you cough much?"

"A great deal."

"What ailed your mother when she died?"

"Consumption, sir."

"And your father?"

"He, too, died of consumption."

"Well, call at my office in half an hour, and I will have some medicine for you. You must take better care of your health, young lady, or you will follow in the footsteps of your parents."

But it was too late to save Bessie Brown. She wanted to die, and when people get at that stage and have a disease to start upon, medicine does not have much effect upon them. She was dying fast. People saw that plainly, and everything was forgotten that had been said about her, and her old friends and companions flocked around her, ignoring the past.

The minister's wife had been her friend all through; and one day Bessie said to her as she lay upon her bed and the lady sat by her side, "Mrs. Gibbs, I want you to tell me just what people have said about me. I know that I have been slandered. I have had hints thrown out to me of the nature of those slanders, but I want to know before I die just what people have said, and to know what I have done to draw remark."

Mrs. Gibbs hesitated, but Bessie pleaded until she told her all the shameful slander. Bessie's face was buried in the pillows, and she was sobbing violently when Mrs. Gibbs concluded.

"Oh, heavens!" she cried, passionately, "it is more than I dreamed. Oh, thank God I am going to die—but not until I can clear myself in *your* eyes, Mrs. Gibbs."

"Hush, hush," Mrs. Gibbs responded, soothingly, "I have never believed one word of it, dearie; you need not explain anything to me. I know you are pure as the angels."

"But I must explain!" Bessie cried, excitedly, with a bright spot burning on either cheek. "I remember perfectly well about that five dollar bill. One Tuesday night, just as I was closing my shop, Ned Peters called at the door and handed it to me. He said he owed Mrs. Smith for some sewing she had done for him—and she was owing me a similar amount, and wished him to hand the money to me, and so settle both accounts. The man who went out of my shop so late one night was old Mr. Williams, who lives some ten miles from Hydeville. His daughter had ordered a bonnet the week before; and Mr. Williams had been to Columbia, five or six miles beyond Hydeville, that day, and he did not get here until late that night. I was asleep, and had been for several hours, when I heard a rapping at my shop door. I raised my window and asked who was there: and Mr. Williams answered that he had been detained by business in Columbia until a late hour, and regretted to disturb me, but his daughter was to be married the following day, and he wanted the bonnet she had ordered. I slipped on my gown and slippers and went into the shop without lighting a lamp, as the moon was full, and I knew just where the box stood which contained the bonnet. I gave it to him, locked the door, and returned to bed and to sleep. And that is all the foundation there is for these foul slanders."

Just one week later, in the hazy November afternoon, Bessie Brown died.

"Of quick consumption, Bessie Brown, aged twenty," the "Weekly Gazette" said. But it should have been—"*Killed by slander.*"

She was delicately and nervously constituted, and inherited consumption from both parents; and the worry and the sleepless nights and the hours of weeping, occasioned by the tongue of slander, wore upon her until the disease was aroused which destroyed her. And I hold the people of Hydeville guilty of her murder; and I believe God will, in the last day.

THE FACES IN THE TUNNEL.

When a young man I was frequently called to London on business, and my place of abode being at a considerable distance from town, the greater part of the day was occupied by the journey. I started one morning as usual, getting, into a carriage in which were some half-dozen persons besides myself. We were not very a communicative party. Two gentlemen, I recollect, slept nearly the whole of the way to London; and one, who sat opposite me, was buried in his newspaper. Our train did not stop at many points; but at one of the principal stations which the line passes, just before entering a tunnel of some length, lamps were put into all the carriages. I recollect, after we started, watching the sides of the cutting, which rose higher and higher as we went on, till, with a shriek, the engine rushed into the tunnel, and all outside the carriage was darkness.

People who are not in the habit of journeying much by railway, have often a dislike to tunnels, I am aware; but, being a constant traveller, I had no such feeling, and I could not, therefore, account for an unpleasant sensation which I experienced on entering the tunnel on this occasion—a chilly uneasy feeling, which increased rather than diminished as we sped on. I did not feel lonely, for the light of our lamp fell brightly on the faces of my fellow-passengers. I could see two of them were still sleeping. My friend opposite had, for the first time during the journey, put down his newspaper; and of two ladies in the carriage with us, one was stroking the head of a little girl, who appeared to be the only person at all uneasy except myself. Mechanically, I fell to looking at the reflection of my face upon the window, which the outer darkness had changed into a mirror, giving back the whole interior of the carriage. The uneasy feeling increased, and I suddenly became impressed with the idea that the reflection was not that of my face, but of some one else's? As I looked, the conviction strengthened. It was *not* my face. It was the face of a man of about my own age; but the hair was light, and the features were totally different from my own. I can see the face now: it was looking intently at me; the thin lips were pressed tightly together; and around the mouth there played a peculiarly sinister smile. The reflection of the whole inside of the carriage was plain enough, but besides this figure, there was *only one more occupant;* I saw the reflection of none of my fellow-travellers sitting by me. The other figure was that of a woman, who was standing up behind the first figure. The light from above seemed to fall full upon her face, which was one of great beauty, but disfigured by a look of intense hatred and scorn, which she darted out of her dark eyes upon her companion. My only sensation now, I recollect, was curiosity; all fear had vanished; I saw them as plainly as I now see my hand, and noticed that the woman was magnificently dressed, wearing, in particular, a blaze of jewelery, that sparkled strangely in harmony with the lurid light of her dark and terrible eyes. She seemed for one moment to hesitate in some purpose; the next her hands were flung up, and I saw a red cord wind itself round her companion's throat. It was clutched with fearful fury. I saw two rows of cruel gleaming teeth glittering in concert with those eyes. But the victim! I shall never forget the ghastly grin of agony upon that visage, that deepened and deepened, and then went out from the face that fell prone, the face of a dead man. I saw for a moment the woman's cruel eyes dart forth a look of fiendish triumph, her cruel hands smitten together, her mouth moulded into a cruel laugh. Then we whirled out into the daylight, and I saw my friend opposite quietly taking up his newspaper again.

My emotions while witnessing the terrible spectacle I have just described, gave place to a lethargy which lasted while I remained in the train. My recollections all seemed imperfect. My business, my destination, the place I had started from, the time of day—I seemed confused on all these points; and it was only when I stepped into the street, and felt the cool breeze on my face, that I recovered self-possession. These disagreeable effects, however, passed off, as my thoughts were diverted into fresh channels. The real and tangible world in which I was moving soon got the better of the terrible vision in my mind; and being naturally impatient of morbid and superstitious notions, I soon persuaded myself that I must have been sleeping in the railway carriage, and that I must have been very much frightened with a dream, due probably to indigestion. Practical man as I profess to be, I was not going to expose myself to the ridicule of other practical individuals by taking them into my confidence. Time went on; I dieted myself a little; I travelled home by another route, saw no more visions; and, in the course of a month, I only recollected the incident of the tunnel as I should any other peculiar dream, the impression of which the circumstances of a busy working life had not obliterated.

A few months after my journey to London, I had occasion to make another journey of some length, in a different direction. I got into the train, passed through the tunnels unscathed, and found myself at nightfall in a country town, to which I was a perfect stranger. I took lodging for the night at a large, old-fashioned inn, which, in the coaching days, must have been a place of some importance. How often one meets with acquaintances in the most unlikely places! I recognised in the host a man whom I had known many years before; in fact, when I was a mere boy. He had been brought up in a lawyer's office, in the town where I was born; but having no fancy for a sedentary life, by help of a small sum of money left him by a relative, he had gone out to the Cape, where he was reported to be doing well. He was evidently much gratified at seeing me, and told me that he had had a great many experiences, had made money and lost it, but was now in comfortable circumstances, and living a quiet life, which suited him best after the roughing which he had gone through. He conducted me into a well-furnished apartment—a private sitting room communicating with the bar—where, all unconscious of what was to follow, I prepared myself for passing an agreeable evening.

I don't believe in presentiments, for surely if one should put any faith in them, now was the time for a very different sensation from that which I experienced, as, after partaking of substantial refreshment in my friend's sanctum, I accepted the tender of an excellent cigar, and drew my chair to the fire, very much at ease, and congratulating myself on the good fortune which had led me to seek the shelter of so hospitable a roof. My friend apologised for the absence of "the wife," as he called her, but said that I should make her acquaintance in a few minutes, as she would by that time have finished some domestic task that she was then engaged in. I remember I was speculating as to what kind of lady "the wife" would prove to be, when a side-door opened and I saw what gave me a thrill of horror. Wearing the same dress, loaded with the same jewelry, regarding me with the same dark and terrible eyes, stood *the woman of the tunnel!* With appalling distinctness, the whole of that horrible circumstance recurred to me—*and there she was.*

I cannot tell the expression which my countenance wore, but I know my friend looked disconcerted; he must have noted the change that came over me, and wondered what should cause it. But here I must note another peculiarity in this terrible meeting: if I recognised this woman as identical with the apparition which I had seen in the tunnel, she too recognised me as identical with some one or something which she had seen. I could see depicted on her countenance, first horror, and then fear, and then the same look of hate that the apparition had darted on the other figure which I saw in the tunnel. I don't know what our greeting was like. I gasped out something as I took her hand, and she did the same, and then abruptly retired. I apologised to my friend, told him I had never seen the lady before, as indeed I had not, adding that I had a nervous affection, which must account for my extraordinary conduct. Still, as may be supposed, he seemed far from satisfied; and for my part, any one may imagine the state of my feelings. The lady remained in the bar, and as I glanced at her furtively, I could see that she was regarding me with a steady gaze of intense fear and aversion. How I wished I had never visited the house—the town. What was to be done? What would come of it all?

One thing I felt—I could not sit there longer; I could not decently resume my conversation with the landlord. I could do one thing—I could go to bed. I accordingly told my host that I felt unwell, and would retire for the night. He said nothing, but fetched a candlestick, and motioned me to follow him.

The chamber to which the landlord conducted me did not wear a reassuring aspect, in spite of a bright fire which was burning in the grate. It might have been a haunted room; the antique bed furniture, the huge lumbering chairs, the quaint pattern of the paper on the walls—all spoke of those who had passed away.

My host having bade me good night, I threw myself into a chair, and began to reflect. After all I had seen, it is not to be wondered at if I was in an uneasy state of mind. This woman, for some reason, evidently regarded me with fear and hatred, and was I safe? Could I trust myself to slumber? Might she not visit me, and, while I slept repeat the tunnel incident? for, as I had not the least doubt of her identity with the apparition I had seen, I had come to believe that she had really committed a murder. Could I, wearied as I was, keep awake? The moon was shining into the room; I tried to imagine the aspect of her face by that light, and the idea of meeting her alone was too much for me. It was true I had locked my door, but then she might possess a key, or, if not, I doubted if a rickety lock would present an insuperable obstacle to an enemy of so determined a character.

As things did not look very promising inside, I pulled up my blind and looked out. Below me was the inn-yard, down into which the full moon was shining so brightly that I could have counted every paving-stone. Two heavy lumbering gates, unclosed, were in front of me, leading into the street; and right under my window stood a cart with a load of straw. The height was not great; and in half a minute, I was out of my window, and plump down upon the straw, without anybody being the wiser. I slid down from the load, and out of the yard I walked, and across the street. A little public house chanced to be still open, for it was not late, and here I speedily engaged a bed. The parlor company I found much more numerous than select. However, I was fain to make one of the party, and though it may not enhance my reputation for courage, yet I am bound to say that, despite certain turbulent proceedings, I never more heartily relished the society of my fellow-creatures in my life.

The first thing I heard the next morning was the startling intelligence, that but a few minutes after the landlord had conducted me to the room whence I had made my escape, his wife had suddenly expired. A medical man was called in, and stated that the cause of death was heart-disease—an opinion which a subsequent *post-mortem* examination of the body showed to be correct. I, however, thought it necessary, as briefly as possible, to narrate to the landlord the whole of the occurrences of which I had been a witness, and, as may be expected, the recital affected him considerably, though whether he believed that what I described had actually happened, or was the fruit of an overwrought imagination, I cannot say. The woman was, however, dead, and some

ould tell the cause of her strange conduct on encountering me; whether her feelings were similar to my own, or whether, whatever they might be, they were caused by the cold touch of approaching death. The woman being deceased, I did not think it necessary to make the particulars of this business further known. The husband told me voluntarily that he had married his wife at the Cape, whither she had arrived only a few months previously from England. He confessed that he knew but little of her previous history. Here, then, the matter was allowed to rest. I took leave of my host on the following day, and have never met him since.

One thing remains to be told. Quite by accident, I subsequently learned that, shortly before my memorable journey to London, the body of a man, fearfully mangled by passing trains, had been taken up at the mouth of the tunnel.

"PROTECTING small birds,"
Said Puss, with a purr,
As her eye caught the words—
And it's small blame to her,
For a bill for protection of small birds is just
what a cat would prefer!

"Well, I'm glad to observe,"
Said the cat, with a smile,
"That men have the nerve,
Just for once in a while,
To do what is right—for the way in which
men shoot down small birds is vile!

"The creatures should know
What good the birds do;
Nor slaughter them, though
They of seeds steal a few.
They should think of the grubs and such
pests which the small birds alone
can subdue."

Having made which remark,
Puss the garden next sought;
And erelong with a lark
Returned which she'd caught:
Which you'll say after all of her preaching
was not doing quite what she
ought!

But, if you think so,
You're an ignorant elf:
For a wise man would know,
How for profit or pelf,
A rogue uses arguments perfect and
proper—and then helps himself!

From which I conclude—
And I don's think it's rash—
That you'd better (if you'd
Rather *not* come to smash)—
When you hear folks talk plaguily honest—
just keep a sharp eye on your cash!

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

CHAPTER XIII.

HAREBELL POND.

The singular disappearance of Robert Owen excited more speculation and comment than anything that had occurred in the neighborhood of late years. The turning out of doors and razing the home of the widow Barber, the stolen marriage of Sir Dene's son, both of note at the time of their occurrence, did not excite the prolonged commotion that this disappearance caused. As the days went on and brought no tidings, the painful interest increased. He was not a man likely to have gone away of his own accord; and yet he could not be heard of above ground. Mary Barber's opinion, that he had been put under it, spread silently.

The duck-pond near the fold-yard was searched; it yielded in recompense nothing but mud. In returning home from his visit to the shed (if he did return), Mr. Owen might pass the brink of this pond. The probability was that he would; though he could have gone round on the other side the barn. Harebell pond was let alone; it was universally assumed that nothing would be likely to take Mr. Owen into the lane. To have returned home that way, after leaving the shed, he must have traversed the outer field, crossed the stile opposite the Trailing Indian, and thence through the whole of the lane—a regular round for nothing. So Harebell pond was not meddled with.

The feeling against the Trailing Indian died away. Mary Barber avowed *her* doubts of it openly enough, and this at first raised somewhat of doubt in the minds of others; but as there was absolutely nothing to corroborate these doubts—nay, as the Trailing Indian seemed, for that one evening at least, to be beyond the pale of suspicion, the thought of connecting Black with the disappearance faded away, so far as regarded the public. Mary Barber, however, do as she would, could not get rid of her fear so easily; it clung to her in spite of herself, and perhaps influenced in a degree some of those about her.

Sir Dene Clanwaring, waiving prejudices for the time being, made a call at Harebell Farm. Never, since his son's marriage with Maria, had he exchanged a word with Robert Owen, or condescended to notice him by so much as a nod in passing. He did not accuse the farmer of having in any way helped on the marriage, or of being privy to it; but his wounded pride would not brook the slightest approach to intercourse. In his interest now; his curiosity, and perhaps also in a better feeling—that of compassion for Mrs. Owen—he considered it his duty as landlord to call. Mrs. Owen, however, was keeping her room, too ill to receive him; but he saw the son, who had been summoned home in the distress. William Owen was the eldest of the family; a slight, quiet young man, of three-and-twenty, very much like his mother. He was with a farmer in Wiltshire, gaining experience, and earning a small salary. Harebell Farm had been no larger than Mr. Owen could himself well manage; and the son was waiting until his father could spare the funds to take a small farm for him. Sir Dene was a little taken with the young man, whose manners were very gentle and pleasing. Sir Dene questioned Mary Barber what her grounds had been for doubting Black—of which doubt he had heard from his son Geoffry; and Mary Barber, nothing loth, regaled Sir Dene's ears with her singular dream. Sir Dene did not attempt to dispute the dream, or to cast ridicule upon it; he simply asked, when the relation was over, *what* there was in that dream to cause her to suspect Black. She replied that the only part of the dream which could have had any reference to Black, was the concluding part of it—when they were searching for Mr. Owen in their distress, and were all making, as if by instinct, towards the direction of the Trailing Indian—and that it was *not* the dream which led her mind to doubt Black, but the ill-feeling which the man, as was well-known, had long entertained towards her master. Sir Dene nodded acquiescence to this, and took his leave courteously. Since the finding of the paper given by Squire Honeythorn, he had been very civil to Mary Barber when by chance they met; as if he would tacitly apologise for having doubted her mother's word.

The weather in England is capricious. Before the Easter week was quite out, the lovely spring sunshine had given place to a heavy fall of snow. One day when the ground was white Sir Dene and his son Geoffry were returning home on foot through Harebell Lane from a visit to some outlying land on the estate, and caught the sound of some young voices in dispute, as they approached the pond. Suddenly a man's tones drowned the others.

"What's the matter there, I wonder?" carelessly remarked Sir Dene to his son. "That's Black's voice."

The matter was this. Two little plough-boys, not quite so hard-worked as usual by reason of the snow, had met in Harebell Lane, and went in for a game of snow-balling. It ended in roughness. There was a personal tussle on the edge of the pond, and both fell amid the snow and rushes. Fell on something that hurt the under one. It proved to be a thick, nobby, walking-stick, polished to the brightness of mahogany. Both lads seized upon it, each claiming it for his own booty. While they were fighting for possession, Randy Black came up the lane, pounced upon the combatants, like the hawk in the fable, and took the stick. As Sir Dene came in sight he was holding it above his head, beyond the reach of the howling and indignant boys, who were vainly jumping up to try and get it back. Black had his back turned, and did not see that any one was near.

"What stick's that?"

The stern, authoritative interruption was Geoffry Clanwaring's. It arrested the boys' noise, it startled Black. As the man turned sharply to see who spoke it, he flung the stick into the pond—and Geoffry, springing forward, was too late to save it.

"What did you do that for, Black?" demanded Geoffry.

"It's the best place for it, Mr. Clanwaring," was Black's answer, as he made a show of touching his hat to Sir Dene. "These here young devils 'ud a fought to their skins for't else."

"It is *not* the best place for it," returned Geoffry, with some emotion. "Wait an instant, sir, please," he added to his father, who was walking on. "Whence did you get that stick, Black?"

Something seemed to be the matter with Black. He had turned so deadly white.

"What stick was't?" he questioned of the boys, moving to face them. "These here young hounds had ha' got fighting over it when I come up."

"'Twere 'mong the rushes," sobbed one. "'Twere me as it hurted, a falling on't; 'twere me as had it first."

"Why do you inquire, Geoffry?" asked his father. "Is the stick anything to you?"

"Yes, sir. The stick was Mr. Owen's. It was the one he had with him that night."

"Nonsense!" cried Sir Dene in his surprise. "Mr. Owen's!"

"I am sure of it. As Black held it up, I saw it distinctly, and recognised it. What was your motive for throwing it into the pond?" he asked, turning on Black.

"Motive! I'd got no motive, sir—but to pay out these here two varmints," was Black's ready answer. "Why don't ye tell about the stick, and where ye got it?" he savagely added to the two young culprits, boxing one, and kicking the other. "Not as I should think 'twas any stick o' Owen's. 'Taint likely."

"I tell you it *was*," said Geoffry, with a touch of his elder brother's hauteur. "How dare you dispute my word?"

"If you think 'twas, sir, I'm sure I be sorry to have pitched it in," said Black humbly. "I never thought 'twas anything o' consequence; and I don't think it now. As to you two young beasts, I hope you'll come to be hung for getting me into this row."

He touched his hat again and went on towards the Trailing Indian. Geoffry Clanwaring looked after him.

"Father, I do believe that man knows more about the past than he ought. He pitched in that stick in terror—to hide it. So it seemed to me."

"Owen's stick!" cried Sir Dene, unable to realise the fact. "What is to be done, Geoffry?"

"We must have the pond searched, sir. If the stick was really lying amid the rushes on its brink, the probability is that he is lying within it."

Sir Dene recognised the necessity for action, and no time was lost. In the presence of quite half the population of Hurst Leet, who flocked up to see the sight, Harebell pond was searched. The stick was first of all fished up, and then its master.

Just as he had gone out of his home that night; in his great coat, his magpie cap tied on over his ears, apparently untouched, not a fold of his garments ruffled, so he was found. At first it was supposed that it was a simple case of accidental drowning. But soon the discovery was made that he had been injured—apparently by a blow—in the back of his head. Was that blow accidental?—or willful?

Squire Arde, making one of the throng, and whose opinion from his age and position had long held sway in the place, thought Robert Owen had fallen into the pond from above.

"When he left the cow-shed that night, he might have halted at the fence to look up and down the lane, have leaned too far over it and overbalanced himself; his head struck again some sharp substance in the pond, which stunned him, and so he lay and was drowned. As to the stick, it fell amid the rushes, and was hid. Or else," added Squire Arde, "some villain struck at him from behind as he was standing above there, stunned him, and hurled him over. 'Twas one or tother, *I* think. D'ye mind what I said 'tother day, Mr. Geoffry Clanwaring—about the brushwood being disturbed up there?"

The public took up the notion from that hour: Robert Owen, either by accident or assault, fell over the fence into the water, and lay there quietly to drown. There was no proof at all: only supposition. The coroner's inquest was assembled, and brought in an open verdict: Found dead in Harebell pond.

And that was the ending of Robert Owen in this world. The ill-fated man was buried in the churchyard at Hurst Leet, a crowd of spectators attending the funeral.

One piece of impudence must be mentioned. On the day following the interment, Randy Black presented himself at Beechhurst, and craved an audience of its master. He had come to ask for the lease of Harebell Farm, and offered (as an inducement) to pay the first year's rent in advance. Sir Dene thought it the coolest piece of impudence he had ever met with; and very nearly (in wish at any rate) kicked Mr. Randy out of the house. Harebell Farm, he said, was not in the market.

That was true. It had been arranged that William Owen should manage the farm in his late father's place; and Sir Dene had already accepted him as tenant.

A week or two went slowly on. The inclement snow, the biting winds again gave place, in accordance with their capricious fashion, to genial spring weather and bright sunshine. But longer a month had elapsed, a very startling and disagreeable rumor arose in the place—it was not quite certain whence or how. The substance of it was that Robert Owen could not rest in his grave, but came back again to haunt the earth. It was said that he had been seen more than once hovering about Harebell Lane.

After the rumor had been whispered well about, the first person to see the apparition—or to fancy he saw it—was Sir Dene's butler, Gander. One moonlight night towards the end of April, just about four weeks after that other moonlight time, which had witnessed the disappearance of Robert Owen, Gander went up on an errand to the Trailing Indian, sent thither by his master. Sir Dene happened to be out of tobacco: none, for miles around, was to be had so good as that kept at the Trailing Indian, and even Sir Dene did not disdain to avail himself of that ill-reputed house's goods.

"Get a pound of it, Gander," said he; "and as much more as Black will spare."

Gander got the tobacco, paid for it, and accepted a glass of ale, hospitably proffered by Black. Like his master, he could forget the doubtful reputation of inn and host, when his interest was concerned—and Gander knew what good ale was as well as anybody. "To drink it up a gulp and bolt, ud be fine manners," thought the butler. So he sat down and sipped it, and had a chat with Black.

"How's that there young woman as was ill here?" he asked.

"She's not about yet," answered Black, angrily, for the matter had annoyed him from the first.

After sitting about a quarter of an hour, Gander started for home at a quick pace, the paper of tobacco in his hand. "That's a rare good tap, up at Black's," he said to himself as he went along the lane. "Wish Sir Dene ud keep as good a one for us!"

In approaching the pond, he got thinking of him who had, not so long ago, been found there; which was but natural; and the association of ideas caused him to glance up at the fence above. And if ever a man felt that he was struck into stone, Gander did then.

For there, leaning over the fence and staring at him—just as he might have leaned the night of his death—was the well-known form of Robert Owen.

"Mercy be good to me!" gasped the butler.

Dropping the paper of tobacco, never stopping to pick it up, Gander sprung off with a yell that might have been heard at the Trailing Indian, and never drew breath or step till he burst into the servants' hall at Beechhurst Dene.

CHAPTER XIV.

ONLY SADNESS.

This chapter will be a sad one. I am sorry, but there's no help for it. The reader will say, attributing the story to the imagination of the writer's brain, Why make these people, in whom we have got interested, die? The answer is, Because they *did* die. For it is not a tale of fiction, but a real record of the past: of people that lived, and of events that happened to them. When an author is trammelled by reality, and would be a faithful narrator, he cannot put sunshine where darkness lay, or make dark that which was light.

Some months have elapsed since the death of Robert Owen, and they have brought at least one grave and grievous misfortune in their train. Geoffry Clanwaring, out one day with a party shooting small birds, had received a gun-shot wound in his side. There was little damage outwardly; and, of that, he soon recovered: but the doctors had a suspicion of some grave inward injury: and if their fear proved correct, poor Geoffry would not be long for this world. His father, Sir Dene, did not know of this fear—indeed it was confined pretty much to Mr. Friar, and the other surgeon—a skilled man from Worcester—who had attended him in the accident. Not being absolutely sure themselves, they did not talk of it. The relations between Sir Dene and Geoffry remained the same: cordial, but not intimate: and Geoffry and his wife had not been admitted as guests within the gates of Beechhurst Dene.

No new light had been thrown upon the death of Robert Owen. The singular report—that his ghost might be sometimes seen in and about Harebell Lane—did not subside. While some scouted it as utterly absurd, and old Squire Arde laughed over it till his eyes ran tears, the greater portion of the community lent ear to the story. Gander—as was before related—had been frightened nearly out of his senses by the sight. He was not the only one: and Harebell Lane was more than ever shunned at night. Mrs. Owen remained at Harebell Farm, her son William managing it in his late father's place.

There were great doings at Beechhurst Dene the first fortnight in September. John Clanwaring, the heir, brought down his newly-married wife on a visit: and a party was invited to meet them. She was very pretty, and an heiress: altogether an irreproachable match—as John Clanwaring with his caution and his pride was sure to make. It served, by contrast, to make darker the marriage contracted by Geoffry; and if by ill-luck Mr. Clanwaring met his brother, he would pass him as scornfully as he might have passed some despicable character—say Randy Black, for instance—his head in the air. At the fortnight's end, the company quitted Beechhurst Dene again: all, save John Clanwaring and his wife. They remained on for another week or two; but their established home was in London.

A few days before their departure, the brothers again met. It was a lovely September day: the sunlight lay on the plains, the woods were beginning to assume their beautiful autumn tints. Mr. Clanwaring, his wife on his arm, was about to cross a stile in the Dene woods, when Geoffry appeared at it on the other side. He, Geoffry, was at it first: but in courtesy to the lady drew back to wait. John Clanwaring got over, handed over his wife, and walked on with her. Save that he snatched his coat round him that it should not touch his brother's in passing, he took no notice whatever. It galled Geoffry: he thought John might just have named his wife to him when they thus met, face to face.

"I wonder whether he would have done it did he know there's a chance that I shall soon be lying low?" thought Geoffry. "And that chance exists. I cannot well mistake my own feelings; and Friar, unless I am mistaken, knows it better than I do."

Geoffry was on his road home then, to the bailiff's lodge. Busy with Sir Dene's affairs that morning, out of doors as well as in, he had been letting the time slip away, past the dinner hour. He could not ride about as he used before his accident. Maria would be waiting for him he knew; and so he put his best foot foremost. Not the fleet foot it once was: for quick walking hurt him nearly as much as riding.

The first person he saw on entering his cottage home was Mr. Friar. Geoffry mentally leaped to the truth at once: his wife must be ill. Even so. Her illness had been waited for for some days now: Geoffry was expecting a little heir. Heir! It was a slip of the pen. Heir to what?—his misfortunes? What contrasts exist! When John's wife should present him with a son, it would be the future inheritor of a title and of the rich lands of Beechhurst Dene: Geoffry's child would be but a humble dependent. Could poor Geoffry have foreseen how humble, how dependent, how despised and put upon, he might have wished to take the child with him when he himself should die.

"Is all going well?" was Geoffry's first question to the surgeon.

"I—hope it will," answered Mr. Friar—and the slight want of assurance in his tone at once struck Geoffry. "We have been sending after you to Beechhurst Dene: the messenger brought back word that you were not there."

"I left Beechhurst Dene two hours ago. Is my wife very ill?"

"Not very; not particularly so. You can see her."

Mrs. Geoffry Clanwaring was quite alone in her sickness. Her mother, Mrs. Owen, was confined to her bed with illness just then; her sister, Mrs. Arde, growing gradually but surely weaker, was not able to come. Maria herself had been in more delicate health all the summer than she need have been: her father's death, and the sad manner of it, had shaken her greatly.

But if Mr. Friar had entertained any doubt of the result, it would seem to have been needless. The baby made its appearance, and was a fine boy. When Geoffry first took the little curiosity in his arms, he felt prouder of him than if he had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

"How light its hair is, Maria!"

"Yes: it is like yours," she answered with a happy smile. "I can trace a likeness to you. And to Sir Dene."

"He'll be a fine little shaver if he's like my father. We shall have to choose a name for him, love."

Just a day or two of these fond hopes, this delusive security, and then a change came. Dangerous symptoms set in for Maria Clanwaring; and a horseman went galloping to Worcester for one of the best surgeons the city afforded. He came and saw her: in conjunction with the dismayed Mr. Friar; and they no doubt did their best, if there was anything, best or worst, that could be done. It was all in vain: the life, fleeting away, could not be arrested. The baby also began to droop: it almost seemed as if it would go with its mother. The truth had to be told to Geoffry.

Evening came on. The bustle of the going and coming of the medical men, of the awful shock, was past, and over the house and household reigned a solemn stillness. She lay on her bed, pale, quiet, exhausted, resigned: far more resigned than poor stunned Geoffry. He sat by the fire, more like one in a dream than a living man: but for disturbing her, he would have taken the pale sweet face from its pillow to his breast, and cried aloud to heaven over it in his despairing anguish.

"Perfect quiet, mind, Mr. Geoffry Clanwaring," had been the doctors' urgent warning to him. "Once excite her to emotion, and all will be over."

So there he sat, controlling his bitter grief he knew not how; his golden hair damp with the struggle, his blue eyes o'erladen with misery.

The clergyman came; and Geoffry and his dying wife partook of Christ's last sacrament together. Next, the baby was brought forward for baptism: Maria wished it done. Geoffry leaned over his wife to ask her wishes about the name.

"Call him Tom," she feebly said. "It was my dear little brother's name who died: and it is one of yours, Geoffry."

"Tom," said Geoffry, returning to the clergyman.

"Tom!" echoed the minister questioningly, his fingers already in the water.

"Tom," repeated Geoffry.

And so "Tom the child was christened.

So bewildered and confused with trouble was Geoffry Clanwaring, that he never remembered until too late that the name ought to have been Thomas. It was a mistake: but a mistake that did not cost him a regretful thought. Under the shadow of real calamities, trifling ones go for nothing.

Almost before they were alone again, the last moments approached for Maria. Geoffry might have given way as much as he pleased then; nothing of emotion could harm her more in this world. He held her to him mid his sobs of anguish, his hot tears falling on her face.

"Not for very long, my darling; the separation won't be for long. But a little while, a few weeks, or months at most, and I shall have followed you."

She looked at him as if scarcely understanding.

"Ay, it is so. I have kept it from you, Maria: I meant to let this illness of yours be well over before I spoke. And oh my wife, my dear one, I know not how I should have told you—or how have borne to leave you here behind me. I am dying of that gun-shot wound, Maria, there was some fatal inward injury. I have suspected it all along: and to-day when the doctors were here, I got them to acknowledge that they suspect it too. You will not have long to wait for me on the other side."

She was past speaking much, but a glad light shone in her dim eyes. Geoffry's sobs made the room sound again. Let us leave them together for the last hour.

It had all been so rapid that there was no time to apprise the world of the danger that had suddenly set in. But the news was spreading now, and some people were arriving in hot consternation.

Mary Barber was the first. She had been staying at Worcester for some days with Mrs. Arde, had only come back to Harebell Farm that afternoon. Geoffry Clanwaring's modest household consisted but of one servant, Susan Cole, eldest daughter of Cole the farrier; a good-natured, talkative girl of eighteen, with frizzly-looking hair the color of old rope, and a fixed color in her face. She was in the kitchen with the nurse when Mary Barber arrived. And when Mary Barber heard that—instead of the danger she had come to inquire into—life was all but over, she, after giving a minute or two to digest the shock, nearly shook Susan Cole.

"You heartless, wicked hussy! You couldn't come up to say so?"

"I didn't know it till just now," returned Susan, who was crying silently in grief for her pretty young mistress. "It have come on us as sudden as a blow. As to master, he's like a man dazed. I don't believe he have been able to recollect nothing. But he *did* send to the farm."

Mary Barber, standing upright in the small kitchen, thought over the past two or three hours. Upon her return from Worcester, Joan had said a messenger had been up to say there was a change in young Mrs. Clanwaring: and Mary Barber came off, but not at once, for she had never thought of *this* change.

"Where's the baby?" she asked, under her breath. For now that the first shock to her feelings had been relieved by blaming somebody, the extent of the calamity subdued her.

"He's sleeping in his cradle," said the nurse. "He seems a bit better to-night than he did earlier in the day."

"Whatever will be done about bringing him up?"

"Oh, as to that," returned the nurse, "children 'll sometimes thrive as well without their mothers as with 'em."

A movement overheard, and a call from Geoffry sent the nurse and Mary Barber upstairs, the latter flinging off her cloak and bonnet as she went. The last moment was at hand: the fleeting spirit and the earthly body were fighting in their separation.

"My poor lamb!" wailed Mary Barber, leaning over the pale face, quiet again now. "Oh, wasn't it enough that your poor father should have went—that your sister should be fast going—but that the Lord must take you! We'd say that it was cruelly hard—only that His ways are not as our ways."

There was a gentle flutter on the face, and Maria turned her head upon the pillow, looking away to a distant part of the room.

"Yes," she said, in a distinct, cheerful voice, as if answering a call.

Geoffry was hastening round, but Mary Barber lifted her finger for silence. *She* knew the sign—and what it meant.

"Hush, Mr. Geoffry. She's passing now. It was her answer to the summons.

And the spirit did pass, even as the woman said it. Passed with a deep, long sigh. Mary Barber caught up her breath with another.

"I knew that death was coming to the family, Mr. Geoffry: but I thought it was for Mrs. Arde. I knew it by my dreams."

As Geoffry quitted the room, leaving the two women in it, quitting it like one who gropes his blind way in the dark, so stunned were all his faculties, he became dimly conscious of a loud, sharp knocking somewhere. It was in reality at the panel of his house-door—but it seemed to him miles off; or perhaps only in some distant region of his brain. Susan Cole opened the door, and the voice of Sir Dene was heard. That aroused him to passing events, and he went down stairs. Sir Dene was standing in the parlor; their one sitting-room, that Maria had made so pretty. Vases of bright flowers stood about, fresh yet; she had put them there on the morning of the day she was taken ill.

"Geoffry, what's this I hear? That your wife is in imminent danger," began Sir Dene. "Coming out just now for a stroll after dinner, I met Cole, and he mentioned it."

"My wife is dead, father."

Sir Dene looked at his son, as if he quite believed his mind must be wandering.

"Yes, she's dead," was repeated by Geoffry's quivering lips. "Only just now: not three minutes since."

"Lord bless me!" broke from Sir Dene.

He backed against the upright bookcase, and stood staring, waiting for his senses to come to him.

"Why!—you told me yourself this morning, Geoffry, that she was going on all right!"

"And so she was, father. A change took place an hour or two after mid-day. Friar came, and Mr. Woodyate was fetched. They could not save her."

"It is awfully sudden," cried the dismayed Sir Dene. "Poor thing! Poor young thing!"

Geoffry, come to the end of his equanimity, put his head down on the table, and sobbed aloud. Great bursting sobs that shook him. Sir Dene wondered whether there was any brandy in the house, or other kind of cordial, and where he could find it. Self-reproach was stinging Sir Dene keenly. When those whom we have injured or not sufficiently regarded in life are dead, it is then that repentance touches us. He had not been as kind as he might to this poor young girl, now gone from them all forever. True he had been pleasant and courteous to

her when they met; but he had never invited her inside his gates, he had not treated her as a daughter-in-law: and he wished now that he had done it, in spite of the prejudices of his eldest son and heir.

"Don't give way, Geoff, my boy. Don't! Bless my heart, but this is a dreadful blow, and I'm—I'm truly sorry for it. Poor young girl! but little more than a child! Can I find a drop of brandy for you, Geoff?"

Geoffry did not want brandy: he could not have touched it. Drying away his tears, swallowing down his bitter sobs, striving manfully with his emotion, he there and then disclosed to his father the fact that he himself (as he truly believed) should not live long after his wife; that the same grave might almost be kept open for him. It would have been a greater shock to Sir Dene than the other, only he did not put faith in it.

"Dying of that gun-shot wound!" he repeated. "Geoffry, my poor fellow, things are wearing their gloomiest hue to you just now; 'tis but natural. If there is anything wrong inwardly, we'll soon have you set to rights."

"Father, I don't think there'll be any more setting to rights for me; I don't indeed. You can ask Friar or Woodyatt about it: they know, I fancy. It's only within a week, or so, that I have felt sure of it myself."

"Nonsense, Geoffry. It was not much of a hurt at the worst. You shall be doctored up."

Geoffry said no more. But a sure and certain prevision lay upon him this evening, that his own end was not far off. It might come upon them almost as suddenly at the last, he thought, as his wife's had come upon him.

"Geoffry, I'd like to see her." said Sir Dene when he rose to depart.

They went up the narrow staircase with hushed footsteps. The house was like one of death, in its utter stillness. The infant slept in another room; Sir Dene never once thought about him at all.

They had already dressed her for the grave. The sweet, calm, pale face looked almost like that of an angel. Sir Dene felt pain, regret, grief—nearly as he had when his own wife died.

"Poor darling!—poor innocent child!" he murmured, touching her brow. "May the good Lord have taken her to His happy Rest!"

"She was kind and good and pure as one of Heaven's angels, father." And Geoffry's sobs broke forth again.

As Sir Dene was walking up the Hollow on his way home, the death-bell suddenly struck out from Hurst Leet Church. Mary Barber had sent Susan Cole flying to tell the sexton. Sir Dene stopped and listened: it seemed to bring more forcibly than ever the event before him. Three times two: and then the sharp quick strokes to denote that the soul was passing.

"I wonder who's gone now?"

The irreverent words, for their careless tone made them so, absolutely startled Sir Dene. Standing to listen, his back turned to his home, his face towards the village, he had not observed that any one was near. Tempted by the beauty of the evening—a warm still moonlight night—Mr. Clanwaring had come out for a stroll just as his father had previously done. It was he who spoke.

"What did you say?" asked Sir Dene, sharply turning upon him.

"I thought you were listening to the passing-bell, sir. Some village woman, I suppose, has dropped off."

"They'd not trouble themselves to ring the passing-bell at this time of night for a 'village woman,' I expect," said Sir Dene sternly, for the words grated harshly on his present frame of mind. In truth he had not been feeling very genially towards his heir as he walked up. But for him and his prejudices, Sir Dene would have relented to Geoffry and his poor young wife: he saw things clearly now, and knew it.

John Clanwaring wondered at the tone. "Do you know who it's for then, sir?" he asked.

"It is for your brother's wife."

"*Who?*" cried John Clanwaring, forgetting his grammar in his surprise.

"For your brother's wife. Don't I speak plain enough? Geoffry's sweet pretty young wife: poor Owen's daughter. She's dead."

"I'm sure I'm sorry to hear it, for her sake," said Mr. Clanwaring, somewhat taken aback. "It is very sudden, is it not, sir?"

"It is sudden. You were harshly contemptuous to her, John, in your judgment: she is gone where neither harshness nor contempt can reach her. She looks like an angel, lying there, with her pale, innocent face."

"It is a sad fate for her, poor thing: I really pity her, sir," admitted John Clanwaring. And there was a pause.

"I am not sure but Geoffry will be the one to go next, John," resumed Sir Dene. "We shall wish then, perhaps, that we had been a bit kinder to them."

"Is he likely to die of grief?" asked John.

"Grief's a complaint *you* 'll never die of; you've not got feeling enough," retorted Sir Dene. "Geoffry talks of that shot he got awhile ago; he fears it left some fatal injury behind it. For my part I think it must be only fancy."

"Of course it is only fancy," returned John Clanwaring in a tone of assertion. "Were there any permanent injury, Geoffry could not go about as he does."

They fell into silence. The quick strokes of the bell were dying away to give place to its slow and monotonous toll. It had a weird, solemn sound, breaking out at intervals in the stillness of the autumn night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A mysterious deaf girl has been agitating San Francisco. A reporter went to interview her the other day, and while taking down the points, indulged in remarks which would not have been complimentary if she could have heard them. She stood it for some time, but finally emptied the coal-scuttle over him and pitched him down stairs. He doesn't believe she is deaf.

☞ Not far from Tappan, on the Palisades, the tree is pointed out from which Andre was hung. It is rather a notable feature in the landscape, and as a local memorial, helps to break the monotonous refrain of the "house in which Washington slept." A traveller was under escort of a farmer thereabouts who pointed out the tree. "That's a famous tree there." "What is it famous for?" "I don't remember exactly, but I believe a general was hung there once." "What general—Gen. Washington?" "Yes, that was his name." "What did they hang him for?" "Well, he captured somebody, I believe. I don't remember exactly." "Wasn't it Andre?" "Ay, that was it; they hung him for capturing Andre. I remember now."

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER VII.

IL PURGATORIO.

When Jasper Seaton left Diana he strode down stairs, and out into the open air. It was no matter that the sun was blazing with full force, driving every one else into the shade. He had borne hotter days in India, and why should he care for the heat? Besides, he scarcely felt it; or, if he did, it was cool in comparison with the fever that was burning within. He threw himself down upon the turf, under a clump of cocoh trees, and endeavored to collect the thoughts that were tossing hither and thither, like the waves of a troubled sea. He tried to stifle a voice that was struggling to be heard, but whose feeble whisper a deeper, hoarser tone was drowning.

"Anne!"

Involuntarily, as if in answer to the voice, he spoke his sister's name aloud; and then he started, and looked round, as though he half expected an answer to his ejaculation.

But all was silence, save the summer sounds that filled the air with a listless music. There was no one near; yet still he closed his lips tightly, as though to prevent any word from unadvisedly slipping out. Thus he lay for some time, a warfare going on within his soul. Would he struggle out of Purgatory into Paradise, or would he sink deeper, deeper?

He sprang up. It was not for him to determine then. Things must float on a little: there was no need to decide just then. He must see how the current ran. The tide might turn—everything was as chaos yet. It was better not to think at all—at any rate, not at present.

Yet he could not help thinking, as he pursued his way, now in the shadow of the tall, full-leaved trees, now exposed to the hot blaze of the sun. He was thinking of a death that had been calm and peaceful, of a pale face laid quietly back upon a pillow, and of eyes that had looked lovingly into his unto the last.

"And you must remember what I said about Di, Jasper. If you could only love Di, Jasper, I think you would be very happy. It's been a long fancy of mine, and it does not leave me now I am dying."

If it could only have remained at that point—for Jasper had believed himself to be in a state of indifference towards Diana—that he had but regarded her as a spoiled favorite, whose every whim was to be gratified, partly even out of amusement to himself.

How was it that, when a barrier was placed between them, all at once he was awakened to a new phase of feeling? How was it that all at once should have sprung up this wild love for the girl beside him?

Not all at once, although he knew it not. And now she was lost to him for ever!

Lost!—not lost yet. There might be still hope. This engagement might never—should never—come to anything!

"Di, why, how in the world did you get here?"

There was something unusual in the voice, something softened and tender about it, that struck Diana, and blended harmoniously with her present tone of mind.

"Di," said Jasper, "I was very impatient a few hours since; but I was thinking of your welfare. I spoke too hastily."

"Oh, no, Jasper—I was very passionate and wrong," replied Diana, quite overcome by the unexpected apology—so unlike Jasper—that she immediately took more than her own share of blame. "I was very sorry afterwards. I know I am very ungrateful! You have been very, very kind to me."

And the remembrance of all Jasper's injudicious indulgences, greatly magnified, rose before her.

"I must see this Mr. Carteret," said Jasper, "and hear what his prospects are; and perhaps I may even come to think as well of him as some one else does. Then possibly I may be forgiven."

"Forgiven!—oh, Jasper, how good you are!" said Diana, energetically—sinking every moment lower in her own estimation. "There's nothing to forgive." And she seized Jasper's hand in both of hers—"You must forgive me."

"Nonsense, Di," replied Jasper, looking straight before him—for he could not trust himself to look into the eyes that he knew were upraised to his.

"But do you quite forgive and forget?" urged Diana—without loosing his hand—"quite?"

"Quite, Di," he answered, and still without looking at her. He bent down and kissed her, as he had done ever since she was a child.

She laughed softly.

"It is all right now," she murmured. "John will be so glad!"

Jasper Seaton's brow contracted sharply; but Diana was looking upon the ground, and her thoughts were far away again in paradise.

And so they walked homeward—she in Paradise, he in *Purgatorio*.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHOCOLATE AT SIGNOR NERI'S.

No one in Broadmead understood or cared about foreigners; it was an essentially uncosmopolitan place, knowing nothing of the great world-progress without, nor yet caring for it. Of Italians, its only experience had been itinerant organ-grinders, travelling through the country, for the most part, with monkeys. Consequently, poverty and music of some sort appeared to the population of Broadmead to be the natural birthright of foreigners; and that the Signor played upon one kind of organ, whilst his countrymen turned the handles of another, made no great difference in their eyes; organs, music, poverty, in the one case—organs, poverty, music, in the other.

Perhaps Miss Pyecroft's intuitions rose rather above this village estimation of the Signor; still they were but modified.

In visiting Signora Neri, she was taking an unprecedented step, and she was fully aware of it; and the flutter she experienced as she knocked at the door of the organist's cottage was, perhaps, as great as the flutter felt by the Signora when Diana, who was looking out of the window, announced the approach of Miss Pyecroft.

"Therefore I shall go," said Diana, taking up her hat.

"Ah, no, *mia carissima!* Go not. Do not leave me single to that woman *terribile*."

"Why, poor dear frightened Signorina," exclaimed Diana, seizing the Signora's hands, "you are actually trembling. Never mind Miss Pyecroft; she won't stay more than ten minutes; and, if it's any comfort, I will remain where I am."

"Alas!" replied the Signora, with a look of great despondency, "it will be much more long. She have come to drink chocolate at the hour of four."

"Chocolate!" ejaculated Diana, in extreme amazement. "Have you actually invited Miss Pyecroft to chocolate? I do not wonder that you are alarmed."

"Guiseppe knows that it is not so," answered the Signora, looking apparently towards her brother. "Could I do else, Guiseppe?"

"What is it, *maestro?*" asked Diana, turning to Signor Neri. "Explain the mystery."

"That is more than in me lies. It is more perplexing than my most entwining fugue. I have never, nor my sister, been in Miss Pyecroft's house; yet she do write and say, I will at four drink chocolate with you. It is one marvel."

"What can she possibly want?" thought Diana.

There was a slight rustling outside; and the Signora's little handmaid opening the door, Miss Pyecroft sailed in.

She looked a little annoyed as she saw Diana.

"I was not aware that you were expecting any company, Signora," said she, after the usual salutations had passed.

"I'm no one," said Diana, laughing, and coming to the relief of the Signora, who was evidently feeling as though she had commited some grievous crime. "I'm always here when I can be; and I've come to practice some Pergolesi with the Signor; and Jasper's coming to listen to it, and it will be charming. You will like it above all things, Miss Pyecroft. And we shall have chocolate afterwards, out of the dear little foreign cups. You never saw such lovely cups. We have nothing to equal it at the Manor House. And I don't believe there's anything like it in Broadmead."

"Hem!" coughed Miss Pyecroft. She began to fear that she had made a mistake. Diana had such an unfortunate way of putting every one on an equality. Besides, the object for which she had come would be entirely frustrated; for even if Diana should be too much engrossed with the music to hear what she was saying to the Signora, Jasper had excellent ears; added to which, Jasper was not a favorite of hers.

"I could not send *mia cara*, Miss Ellis, away," began the Signora.

"Certainly not," replied Miss Pyecroft, returning to her wonted composure, from which she had been slightly startled by Diana's unexpected appearance. "It is some time since I have had the pleasure of seeing Diana; therefore, the gratification it affords me to take chocolate with you is enhanced by the presence of one who has, for some reason or other, so long been a stranger at Brierly House." And Miss Pyecroft felt that she had diplomatically entered upon the matter in hand.

But Diana's answer gave her no reason to think that she should meet with success; neither did Diana betray the smallest consciousness that she perceived any hidden drift in Miss Pyecroft's speech.

"No: it is a long time since I was at Brierly House. Have you any kittens now?"

Miss Pyecroft looked over her spectacles and through her spectacles at Diana. Could a girl who was actually engaged be frivolous enough to think of kittens? She had been too credulous. Sophia had misunderstood Mrs. Crawford.

"Miss Letty showed me four lovely ones the last time I called—a tortoise-shell, a tabby, a white one with black spots, and a perfectly black one," continued Diana, as though kittens were her sole object of interest in life. "Did you bring them all up?"

"Have you, then, four large cats?" enquired the Signora, with a puzzled look, wondering what could induce Miss Pyecroft to keep so many. "Ah, for surely the many mice!" she added, as a happy thought occurred to her.

"I have one cat, and no mice," replied Miss Pyecroft, majestically; "there are no mice where there is a proper cat."

"I do wish I had one proper cat," said Signora Neri, in a musing tone. "I have one great large one, who do like milk better than mice; and the mice do run and play. Mine cannot be one proper cat. It would please me for her so to be."

Diana laughed, and Miss Pyecroft became more than ever convinced that she had placed herself in a false position. Everything was taking a trivial turn. But foreigners were so childish, and Diana was so undignified.

Signor Neri was sorting out the music, and had taken no part in the conversation. Miss Pyecroft turned to him.

"I sent you an addition to the choir not long since, Signor Neri. I hope he is progressing satisfactorily. I have not been down to the Smiths lately, so I have not heard how Jim is getting on with his singing."

The Signor shrugged his shoulders.

"The intention was good, madame, for which I give my best of thanks; but the poor Smith had not the ear for singing—neither the throat, nor chest, nor soul. Not one note could he attune."

"Of course not, for he had never been taught. I sent him to learn."

"But, madame, it was impossible. He was as one organ without pipes—he had not voice, he could make no sound in harmony with the notes I struck. One tone alone had he. And though I sounded and sounded again each other, still did he keep firm—it could not vary—it was ever the same, *do, do, do;* and one might play *sol, fa, mi*, and the rest, forever and ever, and ever, and still would it never change. It was like one great bee humming and humming changeless through all the song the nightingale might sing."

"Scales bring out the voice," said Miss Pyecroft, didactically. "Besides, it would have kept him from the Methodists."

Signor Neri did not comprehend the force of the latter argument; but he was about to make a protest against the first part of the speech, when Jasper Seaton's step was heard on the narrow gravel path between the flower-borders.

The window of the sitting-room was open down to the ground; and Diana, darting through it, slipped her arm through Jasper's.

"What a time you have been," she said. "Miss Pyecroft is here, and you must talk to her whilst I am singing. Stoop down," she continued—"I want to whisper something."

And Miss Pyecroft, from her distant corner of the room, peering through the window, became perplexed.

"That is more like an engagement," she said to herself. "Sophia and Letitia are always running away with some idea or another."

There was another step not far behind; and, as Jasper stooped to hear what Diana had to say, another hand was on the latch of the gate—and John Carteret stood hesitating as to whether he should go in or pass on.

There was a sore place in John Carteret's heart: the same sudden pain that had shot across it when Diana had first spoken about Jasper was there now. It had been called up on the previous day—for he had involuntarily witnessed the reconciliation between the guardian and his ward; for, meeting the rector at the door, the two had followed not far behind Jasper and Diana. Dr. Crawford had glanced at his companion, and had noticed the flush that rose to his face die away, and a constrained look settle upon it.

"What a capricious being that girl is," said the rector, after a meditative silence. "Not much more than ten minutes since, I should have said that she and Jasper were on the eve of a grand quarrel."

"It has ended amicably, then," said John Carteret, assuming an indifferent tone.

"Very," answered the rector, laconically.

Then they walked on silently.

"Mr. Seaton has been an indulgent guardian," observed John Carteret.

"Too indulgent—the girl is spoiled. I beg your pardon," he added; "but I've known Di ever since she was a child."

There was another pause, and the rector proceeded with his meditations. Presently he said, somewhat abruptly—

"I wonder Anne made no provision for her. She won't have a farthing."

"So she told me."

"Ah!" said the rector, rousing up as John Carteret answered his half-unconscious speech. "I said you did not care about money."

The words slipped out before he had time to check them; for Dr. Crawford felt pleased to have his previously expressed opinion confirmed.

"Did Mr. Seaton think I did?" asked John Carteret, quickly.

Dr. Crawford hesitated. He had been indiscreet, and was doubtful how to disentangle himself from the blunder.

"I have not mentioned Mr. Seaton's name," he said, after an uncomfortable pause. "I shall be obliged if you consider the words unsaid."

But though John Carteret refrained from further questions, the words rankled in his mind. Who else but Jasper Seaton could have raised the question? And to the feeling of incipient jealousy already aroused, one of distrust and antagonism was added.

It had taken too great a hold upon him to admit of his going to the Manor House, as he had intended to do, until he had seen Diana again; and now, as he stood at the gate, it seemed as though he could not meet either of them.

He would have passed on, but Diana's quick ear had heard the click of the latch. She turned—

"John!"

And before John Carteret knew what he was doing, he was standing face to face with Jasper Seaton, bowing stiffly in recognition of Diana's rapidly performed introduction.

Diana looked from Jasper to John Carteret, and from John Carteret back again to Jasper. John Carteret's face unmistakably told his feelings: it wore an expression of constraint, even of haughtiness, mingled with a little defiance. Jasper's manner, too, which had been so genial during the last twenty-four hours, had frozen again. The old restless, suspicious look had returned. There was no advance towards cordiality on either side; and it was evident that the two men were ill at ease with one another.

Whose fault was it? Partly John Carteret's decidedly, thought Diana, unable to note the change in his face and manner, so different from what she had ever seen before. And then all that she had said against Jasper rose up in condemnation to herself; and she began to blame herself for her injustice, as she had done on the previous day, and resolved to put all right at the first opportunity.

Diana took the initiative, as John Carteret stood irresolute.

"Signor Neri is expecting us," said Diana. "You must come and hear me sing."

She spoke with a little imperiousness.

John Carteret entered. He seated himself near Miss Pyecroft, who immediately began to converse with him upon theological subjects, with a view of testing his orthodoxy.

Diana, full of self-upbraiding, endeavored to restore Jasper's ruffled affability. Signor Neri went to the piano, and silently ran his fingers up and down the keys; whilst the Signora took the opportunity of quietly stealing out of the room to see if Bessy, the little handmaid, was proceeding according to orders. She was, perhaps, longer in doing so than was absolutely necessary, and bestowed more than usual pains over the frothing of the chocolate; but it was a relief to her to leave Miss Pyecroft to be entertained by others.

"I do not want visitors," she said to herself. "Why can I not be left?"

Then she heard her brother strike a chord.

"Ah! it will be better if the music do begin." And she listened.

The Signor played a soft, half-melancholy prelude before he struck the opening notes of the "Agnus." And then Diana's voice rose clear and sweet.

"*Dieina!*" ejaculated the Signora; and she felt as though she could not return until the "Agnus" were ended—it would be profane to interrupt it. And her fingers moved nervously over her rosary—yet her prayers were thoughts, not words; and as the last notes of the singer died away, she crossed herself. Then, with a little sigh, she returned the the world again.

She poured the foaming chocolate into the tiny cups that Bessy had ranged round the foreign-looking salver.

"Bring it in one minute after I go," said the Signora, as she glided out of the little kitchen.

Miss Pyecroft had left off conversing with John Carteret, for the simple reason that he was absorbed in the music, and paid no attention to her. And yet he never looked towards Diana, though he was conscious that more than once her eyes were turned towards him, and he did not choose to betray his feelings. He therefore never removed his eyes from the painting over the mantlepiece. It was the head of a Sybil, copied in former days from an old Master by the Signor himself. There was an expression in the face that reminded him forcibly of Diana; and as he gazed, he could almost believe that through the parted lips the sounds to which he was listening issued forth.

Jasper Seaton was watching him attentively, jealously, from the corner in which he had ensconced himself; and when the "Agnus" was ended, he did not move, and remained silent.

Diana pretended to busy herself with the music that lay scattered about. Somehow she felt that a cloud was hanging over every one, and that possibly music might dispel it.

"Will you play this for me, *maestro?*" she was saying, as Signora Neri entered the room.

"Ah no, *carissima*—we must now have chocolate," said the Signora, advancing and taking her seat beside Miss Pyecroft.

She had left the door open; and Bessy, anticipating the clack, had already started with her tray, which she carried round with a feeling of deep solemnity.

Miss Pyecroft had been Bessy's embodiment of awe at the Sunday-school; and she almost dropped the tray in the agitation of the moment in which Miss Pyecroft, having assisted herself to chocolate, selected one of the un-English-looking biscuits, and regarded her, as she thought, severely through the gold-rimmed spectacles—as much as to say "How came you and your mistress to make such things as these?"

Diana laid down the music she had been turning over.

"Is it not exquisite china, Miss Pyecroft?" she said, determined to make a diversion, and seating herself on a huge footstool at Miss Pyecroft's feet. "Have you any fancy for old china? Look, there is a story told on each cup; or, at anyrate, part of one. We have none so beautifully designed at the Manor House, though Mrs. Seaton is very proud of hers. Do come out of your corner, Jasper. You cannot possibly see where you are."

Thus called upon, Jasper was obliged to leave his retreat, and the conversation proceeded spasmodically; Miss Pyecroft becoming every minute more and more dissatisfied with her position, and more uncertain as to how matters might stand. That Jasper and John Carteret had never met before was quite clear; that there was no love lost between them was clear also; but in what relation Diana stood to either was a mystification to her.

At length she rose to go. Diana rose also.

"Are you going home, Jasper?" asked Diana.

"Yes, I shall walk home with you."

There was a light emphasis on the "I shall." Diana did not notice it. John Carteret did.

Diana took up her hat and put it on.

"I am ready," she said, and for a moment she looked at John Carteret. But he simply said—

"Good-bye."

And Diana—flushed, vexed, and wondering—said "Good-by," also, and went away.

"Guiseppe," said the Signora, after the departure of all the guests, "there is trouble somewhere. Some taper has its flame crushed. I do not like Mr. Seaton. What is it?"

"I do not know," replied Signor Neri; but he too had caught it in the tones of the "Agnus."

"It is a sorrowful world, Guiseppe," said the Signora.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GOOD RETORT.—Some years ago, as a Scotch clergyman was walking one summer afternoon, two young beaux took it into their heads to break a jest upon the old person. Walking briskly up to him, they asked him if he could tell them the color of the devil's wig. The worthy clergyman, surveying them attentively for a few seconds, made the following reply:

"Truly, here is a most surprising case—two men have served a master all the days of their life, and can't tell the color of his wig!"

☞ The sweetest thing in ear-rings is an aquarium of rock crystal filled with water, in which swim small whales, lobsters and shrimps.

☞ "Frigettes" is, we believe, the proper word for the ridiculous little locks of hair which the ladies will persist in brushing over their foreheads.

☞ Chateline braids are going out. A style to succeed it is a coronet of twisted or plaited hair with drooping locks at the back, either curled or arranged in loose twists or plaits. Another, a number of small rouleaux are arranged one above another, forming a coronet around the head, and rising above a number of frigettes falling on the forehead. At the back two large rolls fall low upon the neck.

☞ A Western editor, who doesn't know much about farming anyway, suggests that for garden-making, a cast-iron back, with a hinge in it, would be an improvement on the spinal column now in use.—*Boston Post.*

☞ The editor of a religious paper, which had one month's precarious existence in Chicago, says that it is a good city for a religious paper, provided Satan has three pages of it and the other page is mixed.

☞ The Danbury (Ct.) News tells the story of a new boy in one of the Sunday-schools. The precocious youth was asked who made the beautiful hills about them, and remarked that he did not know, as his parents only moved into town the day before.

☞ The new sailor hats of the season are very becoming upon the heads of some of our young ladies who are afflicted with a certain degree of youngness, but we cannot compliment the appearance of antiquated maidens who don them.

☞ This ditty has resulted from a nuptial contract recently entered into by Mr. Ebenezer Sweet and Miss Jane Lemon:

"How happily extremes do meet
In Jane and Ebenezer;
She's from sour turned to sweet,
And he's a lemon-squeezer."

☞ The story is told by the Rev. Newman Hall of a negro preacher who informed his flock that Adam was made of wet clay, and set up against some palings to dry; and upon a skeptical darkey rising to ask, "Who made the palings, den?" retorted: "Sit down, sir! such questions as dat would upset any system oh teology!"

☞ A Kansas billiard table is thus described:—First, in the middle of the floor was a large goods box, on which was laid about a wagon load of sandstone, covered with about eight yards of blue jeans. For pockets they had old boots, about No. 10; for cues they used old broken hoe handles; boiled eggs for balls; and to count this lovely game they used dried apples on a clothes line."

☞ Hall, in his Journal of Health, says that the more a consumptive person stays in the house, the more certain and speedy will be his death.

"TAKE A CHEW?"

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The plug was almost a foot long, and as black as the man's hat. The place where the scene occurred was a waiting-room at a depot, where NO SMOKING stared one in the face from the walls on every side. The actors in it were two half-tipsy loafers, who occupied the most comfortable part of the room; whilst a lady was waiting with her husband outside, rather than lose his society, while he snatched a smoke before the arrival of the train. The jewel of Consistency gleamed far, far in the distance, as one by one those driven from the close stove-room by the offensive odor of chewed tobacco joined the "prohibited" outside, leaving the rowdies master of the field. Oh, jewel of most unfortunate rarity!

"Excuse me, my dear, while I go into the smoking-car a few moments, for I am actually starving for a smoke," said the cigar loving gentleman after several hours on the train. And off he went, leaving his wife to the loneliness of his absence, while every puff of air through the car brought to her defenceless olfactor the noxious gas of masticated tobacco from the great cavern of some vulgar hind in front, who in the nice distinctions which society sometimes makes, was considered more fitting company for ladies than the *gentleman* who was banished to the smoking-car. Query—Would it not be well to furnish the smoking-car with a companion and establish a chewing-car also?

But unfortunately, depots and railroad cars are not the only theatres where Madame Inconsistency plays this comedy as she holds her benefit. Hotels, reading-rooms, ladies' parlors, and even the churches are given to wink at the chewer, while they frown on the smoker. The former is furnished with a spittoon and the question is considered settled, for smoke is a volatile essence, and therefore cannot be confined to a spittoon. The pungent odor of that disgusting mash of tobacco and saliva is not a volatile essence then, I suppose. Oh! no. Then let its manufacturer confine it to the spittoon, and part of the objection ceases: part, but not all, while he leaves some decent body to clean the spittoon.

I have known ladies who would sit contentedly for any length of time beside a huge quid of masticated tobacco, whom a whiff of the most fragrant cigar would rout instantly. Such people remind me of a story I once heard of a lady, who declared that the perfume of a rose made her deathly sick, and fainted when another lady with a rose in her hair entered the room. It was only after recovering from her swoon that she learned that the rose was an artificial one.

But, after all, the aroma of good cigars and clean pipes furnished with decent tobacco is not unpleasant to the majority of ladies. This I declare from their own evidence, for in numerous cases where I have heard the stereotyped inquiry, "Is my smoke offensive?" the number has been small indeed who would reply with anything else but the amiable "Not at all, sir."

It is true strong pipes and villainous cigars are rather objectionable to most people; but then some flowers are unpleasantly perfumed; do we, therefore condemn all flowers?

Tobacco smoke makes an excellent narcotic, also, when not strong enough to produce nausea; and I have known persons suffering with nervous headache to be entirely relieved by the aroma of a neighbor's friendly cigar-smoke.

Smoking is a poetical vice besides; as witness Fredrika Bremer's beautiful description in "The Neighbors" of Francesca's "Bear" enjoying his pipe on the greensward, with the graceful wreaths of smoke curling upward, while his wife sits admiringly by. I am quite sure no gentle-hearted lady ever read that delightful paragraph, without thinking that under such circumstances, a smoking husband might be at least endurable. Ah! Fredrika, that same airy nothing as it seems, with its pretty contortions, isn't bad to look at, especially when its impetus is furnished by a very handsome mouth—masculine, of course. It is sentimental too; for novelists always furnish their heroes, especially when they are in love, with an unlimited supply of cigars. But who ever heard of a writer describing his hero as in the act of filling a good-sized spittoon with tobacco-juice?

Neither is smoking an unclean habit; for even if one considers the odor offensive, it soon passes away: while the unsightly blotches of tobacco-juice deface everything they light upon, and are the terror of all good housekeepers.

Young ladies, when your lover proposes, before you answer him, pry around and find out if he chews; and if he does, refuse him incontinently. I say "pry around," for if he makes any pretentions to gentility he will not chew in your presence; which habit of restraint if it were kept up through life, would do away with the necessity of refusing him. But no tobacco chewer *is* a gentleman in his own family: he will throw out his quid before he enters the presence of other ladies, and spit right over his wife's head, unless she is careful to "stand from under." He will spit on the stove, the carpet, the window curtains; and, in the summer-time, right into your bed of verbenas: and even if he is extra good, and uses the spittoon—hitting the mark every time—he will leave it for you to clean.

To sum up then, these are the excuses smoking can claim above chewing. It is genteel; it is not generally offensive; it is a panacea for headache; it is poetical, also sentimental; and it is not unclean. Yet I am not preaching in its defence; for three reasons. It is unhandy; it is unhealthy; and it is too costly. The poetry is nothing but plain prose after all.

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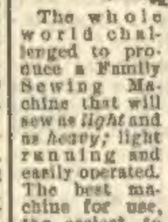

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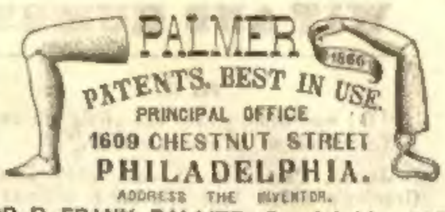

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WIT AND HUMOR.

H. G.

"O! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel' as others see us."

James Parton once said that Horace Greeley's name had appeared oftener in American newspapers than that of any other man, and cited this as a proof of his wide influence and standing in the country. In looking over our late exchanges, we have been strongly impressed with this remark, and have found so many references to the editor of the Tribune, as to deem it worth while speaking of them collectively. Most of them are of a humorous character, for Mr. Greeley has always been a favorite subject for popular ridicule; but then, as some one has said, it is a sign of power to be thought worthy of ridicule. But we can best give the selections as they are, without further introduction.

A man went to Mr. Greeley the other day and told him he was destitute—he didn't even have a cent—and wanted to know what he should do. Horace scratched his head and thought a minute, and then said: "I'll tell you what you do. You buy a ten-cylinder Hoe press and go out to some station on the Pacific Railroad, away from civilization, and start an eight-page morning paper, and grow up with the country."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The World says: "Mr. Greeley is generally understood to carry the brains of the Tribune with him on his excursions." It is notorious that Mr. Greeley carries but little luggage when on his travels.—*N. Y. Globe.*

Mr. Greeley, on his farm, keeps a running account with his hens, double entry. When a hen lays an egg she runs around the bases, and when she strikes the home base, where the book-keeper is located, she sings out, "tally one," or "tally two," as the case may be, because some of them are repeaters, and the book-keeper gives her credit, and charges her for her meals. In this way Horace can tell what hens are shirking, and how much he makes on each hen. He says his experience is that roosters are a glaring fraud, putting on style around, and never laying an egg once in two weeks.

Greeley thinks that the quarter of the heavens in which the sun sets is wholly on account of his advice to "Go West."

Some one wrote Horace Greeley inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum, but he preferred gravy or butter.

Mr. Dana, of the Sun, never neglects a chance to ridicule his old editorial chief, and thus lately refers to the Sage of Chappaqua in his peculiar style:

People who suppose that he has already told in his book all that he knows about farming are mistaken. That book was made up of articles in the Tribune, and Mr. Greeley never tells all that he knows in anything which he writes for the Tribune. He is one of the funniest men in conversation in the world. He has often been exhorted to put his jokes into the Tribune, but he refrains. He thinks one funny paper in New York is enough, and he delights in reading the Sun. He has gained seventeen pounds and eight ounces in flesh since he became one of our constant readers.

An anxious farmer having written to that accomplished agriculturist, Horace Greeley, complaining of the wet season, and asking what can be done to insure a crop, the great agriculturist responds in his sweetest humor, advising a liberal use of English red herrings or Dutch pretzels, and ventures the assertion that they will create a dryness without fail.

An Elmira farmer wrote Mr. Greeley for his experience in raising geese for market. Horace said there was no trouble at all about it if the goslings were not weaned too young. He says that they should be allowed to run with the old cow and suck until their horns get out an inch or two, when they will be hardy enough to pack and salt down for market.—*American Newspaper Reporter.*

An Advance in Science.

We hear that the absurd theory of the earth's rotation has at last been exploded by a German farmer in Berks county. He told his neighbors all along that he didn't believe any such foolishness as that about the world turning over every day, and he said that he would prove that he was right. So he placed a pumpkin on a stump, and sat on the fence watching it for twenty-four hours, and his neighbors sat there watching it with him. Sure, enough the pumpkin did not roll off, and the whole party went home, convinced that the rotation business was a humbug. Thus it is that we make advances in science. We always knew that there was some mistake about the earth revolving, because we have often noticed that you always have to look *up* to see the sky, and never *down*, which of course you would if the earth turned over. Strange that this fact should have escaped the attention of philosophers.

A "Heater."

The Helena (Ark.) Gazette tells a story of a young man of that city who spent a few months in St. Louis last winter. It says that one cold day he walked into the Southern Hotel, and looking in vain for a stove, asked the clerk if there was no place where he could warm himself. The clerk, smiling urbanely, escorted the colonel to a register, and told him to stand on the grate and he would soon get warm. The "colonel" was much pleased. Later in the day, while perambulating about the city, becoming rather chilly, he espied a coal grate in the sidewalk. Here, he thought, was another "heater," and he would improve the opportunity by warming his feet. A few minutes later a passer-by heard him ejaculate: "These things may do very well for a hotel, but they ain't worth a picayune to warm the city."

SUCH IS FAME.—After Susan B. Anthony lectured at Ripon, Wis., she wanted some recreation and amusement, so she took a walk on Sunday around the graveyard there. While she was enjoying the literature of a tombstone, she heard a lot of small boys saying, "That's her," and she thought, "such is fame." Congratulating herself that even the children of the land knew her, she was accosted by an urchin who said: "Say, ain't you the old woman that walks up the wire on the circus-tent to-morrow?" Susan jumped the fence and got out of that graveyard double soon.

☞ Vice President Colfax, who has been very sick from over-work, is improving, and says he will not do so again.

"HA! HA! THE WOOIN' O'T!"—*Old Song.*

YOUNG MISTRESS (gravely; she had seen an affectionate parting at the garden gate). "I see you've got a young man, Jane!"

JANE (apologetically). "Only walked out with him once, Mum!"

MISTRESS. "Oh, but I thought I saw—didn't you—didn't he—take a kiss, Jane?"

JANE. "Oh, mum, only as a friend, mum!"

"GOD WILLS IT SO."

[We have received the following answer to a poem with the above title, recently published in THE POST.]

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

For shame, O fool with the damning thirst!
To prate as you do of GOD'S will and way!
Of all the disgraces of men, the worst
Is that of a cowardly heart, I say!
And he is a coward of deepest dye
Who licenses passion, against all odds,
Then mouths to his fellows the wretched lie
Which says that the sin of the thing is GOD'S.

Stand up like a man and confess the truth—
That what you are reaping *you* only sowed;
That back in the days of a glad, free youth
Two ways were yours—you chose your road;
That Love said to you, "That way lies death,"
And tearfully prayed you to walk with her,
But all unheeding the words she saith
You followed the path where the brambles were!

Now bleeding and torn in the desert waste,
With thorns tormenting your vitals sore,
'Twere better to long for a single taste
Of sweets that you might have sipped o'er and o'er,
Than doggedly sit and declare that One
Who gave you the gifts of a Manhood grand,
Repented again when the deed was done,
And took them away from your clinging hand!

He gave what He gave. Was it passion and lust?
'Twas a sense of the Right and the Wrong as well.
Have you put it to use? No! 'tis buried in dust,
And the passion and lust are become your hell.
He made you a MAN, in His image own;
The thing that you are by yourself was made;
Confess to your work, though it make you known
As a workman base, of debasing trade!

You never asked for this life of pain?
You bought it, openly! What did *you* give?
The question is only a pretence vain;
The answer—the life that was yours to live!
Each soul in a prison may be, at first,
Shut narrowly in for a little time,
But each may the walls of its prison burst,
And build it a temple to GOD sublime!

The dead past buries its dead,—Ah, yes!
The future holds ever its own, I know;
The present is terribly real, no less;
And then at the end—shall we want it so?
But how with the past, at the last, my friend?
Will you welcome its resurrection, then?
Will you stand by your words at the final end,
And meet the results with a proud "Amen?"

Love Gifts.

Love gifts should be of little intrinsic value: they should owe their preciousness to the hand that gives. The token of love should not, by its beauty or costliness, distract the attention for one moment from the meaning of the gift—heart speaking to heart, in language eloquent though dumb. What are the objects that have been gazed upon and kissed and wept over as priceless treasures? A "pretty ring with a posy," a glove, a true-love knot in hair or ribbon, or, as likely as not, a few faded flowers; but is there one who has loved who cannot recall to mind the throb of ecstacy, the glow of paradisical bliss, with which the first love-gift was received—the silent messenger bringing the full assurance of love's return? The youth who has just obtained a lock of hair or simple rosebud, maybe from his mistress's hand, given after much pleading, would he part with it for a rose of rubies and gold? Would yonder girl, as she sits in her chamber alone, turning on her finger the slight ring that binds her to him who has won her maiden troth, change it for a circlet of the costliest diamonds? Not for world's!

☞ A posthumous scrap of Artemus Ward's writings in a letter to a menagerie agent who sent him some tickets: "Tuanks for the tickets. This act of kindness, so nobly conceived and delicately consummated, assures me that all is not base and sordid in this world, and that the human heart, when connected with a menagerie, is capable of lofty impulses."

Anklets.

What will she think of next, and what will she not do to make herself lovely, bewitching and every way admirable?

This conundrum refers directly to "lovely woman." One would think she had gone through the bill, from soup to raisins, in the matter of dress and ornament, and yet every now and then something new is brought on, and is relished just as keenly as though all the delicacies art and invention could produce had not already been partaken of. The last and strangest freak is the appearance in our fashionable jewelry establishments of prettily embossed gold bands, labeled "anklets."

Whether any one has been courageous enough yet to wear them is not positively known, but the report is that many have been purchased by ladies of the highest respectability. It is said that the fashion originated on the other side of the water and came over here as an accompaniment of the low shoes and elegantly embroidered Balbriggan hose, which are just becoming regulation style for the street; but as this, to be effective, would necessitate the wearing of short skirts, I am inclined to doubt the rumor, and must conclude that the pretty trifles are sacred to the house, and will only be seen when Miss is lounging in demi-toilet, waving listlessly her Oriental fan, and indolently endeavoring to imagine herself an inmate of some Turkish harem. It is not probable that the fashion will have an extensive run, and yet it is not more ridiculous than many another that has ripened into a principle. At present these articles are made only in the finest of gold, and are frequently set with jewels, but in time we may see them displayed in the dollar stores, and then, with only the sly glimpses that modesty will grant, it will be difficult to discover who wears the genuine and who the imitation. It is little to take up a lady's arm to examine her bracelet, but when you come to anklets it is a different matter altogether.

Code of Dress.

A writer in Scribner's Monthly gives this code of dress:—

Imprimis. The first instinct about a new fashion is the true one. Don't wait till your eye has lost its accuracy and your judgment its edge. Subject the thing at once to the general rule, and bow to the decision.

2d. What suits one person does not suit another. Know thyself.

3d. Dress should supplement good points and correct bad ones. Thick and thin, long and short, are not all to be subjected to one Procrustean style.

4th. Colors should be harmonious, should be massed, should be becoming. Many little points or blotches of color sprinkled over a costume produce a disagreeably pied and speckled effect, as of a monstrous robin's egg, or a plum-pudding. One that should prevail, relieved by a contrasting tint. No amount of fashionable prestige can make an unbecoming color becoming. "Nile green" will turn some people into oranges, though twenty empresses ordain its adoption.

5th. Lines should be continuous, graceful, and feminine. It is better to look like a woman (if you happen to be one) than like anything else—even a fashion plate!

6th. Ornament must be subordinate. Nature, with all her profusion, never forgets this fundamental law.

7th. Above all things be neat. Dainty precision and freshness is essential to a woman as a flower.

8th. Individuality is the rarest and the cheapest thing in the world.

9th, and lastly. "Stylish" is of all the words in the English language the most deadly. It has slain its thousands.

Idle Girls.

It is a painful spectacle in families where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters, elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease with their drawing, their reading, beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities, but, as a necessary consequence of neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their fate, when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are. These individuals will often tell you, with an air of affected compassion, (for who can believe it real,) that poor, dear mamma is working herself to death; yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element; in short, that she never would be happy if she had only half so much to do.

☞ An Irishman calls his sweetheart honey because she is bee-loved.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARY K. (Phil'ada.) writes: "Is it required by the rules of etiquette to acknowledge on the street a ball room introduction? I have frequently accepted such introductions, without the thought of their extending beyond the walls of the room. Yet a young man to whom I was lately introduced seems determined to consider me an acquaintance, and persists in bowing to me on the street, though I have plainly shown my annoyance." You have only yourself to blame for your trouble. No gentleman would introduce you to a person of whose acquaintance you need be ashamed, and you should not accept introductions from any one but a gentleman of known character. It is true that such introductions are often lightly made and lightly set aside. But any lady who is not careful with whom she dances forgets that she may be laying herself open to future insult, if her partner should unfortunately prove a disreputable character. It is, however, customary in such cases for the gentleman to await recognition by the lady. The person of whom you speak is not justified in forcing his attentions upon you, and the party who subjected you to this annoyance by his careless introduction, should be called upon to relieve you of it, by taking the offending individual to task.

J. B. D. (Illinois) asks: "What are the prospects for farmers in the far west? I have lately purchased a farm in this state, and have had moderate success upon it. But it is heavily mortgaged, with interest at 10 per cent, and I am only slowly paying off the debt. My two boys, who are managing my farm, want me to sell out and buy further west, and I am in great doubt as to what I had best do. Is the land better there than here, and would the chance of success be greater?" The far west is a wide phrase. If you refer to Iowa, Kansas, or Minnesota, they have abundance of highly fertile soil. But so has Illinois. If your ideas flow still further west you have your choice between the sandy plains east and the barren plains west of the Rocky Mountains, neither of them desirable farming localities. California and Oregon however possess many advantages. Your boys probably have buffalo in their fancies, or wish to see the noble (?) savage on his native heath. You say you are slowly getting your head above water. Then, by all means, stay where you are, and get your boys a pair of buffalo robes and a stuffed Indian to satisfy their romance.

WILLIAM (Scranton) asks: "Is it required by social custom that I must offer a lady my arm on the street?" That depends on a variety of circumstances. The hour of the day and the degree of your acquaintanceship should be considered. It is not usual to offer a lady your arm during the day, except in case of physical weakness on her part. In the evening the giving a lady your arm may serve to protect her from insult or accident. But, in all cases, the offer should be politely made, and not be pressed on the lady should she decline.

S. C. B. (Pittsburg) writes: "I am in love with a lady whom I am absolutely afraid to marry; not that she possesses faults of character to be dreaded, or that she fails to return my love; but simply because she has money and I have none. It is the world I fear, that censorious, cruel world which persists in putting the worst construction on the most innocent actions, and which will charge me with marrying from interested motives, when I know that my only motive is love. Am I justified in thus fearing the world's tongue? The voice of slander is damaging to the best reputation." If you are so sure as to your motives, why need you fear the world's construction? Such slanders as you fear will be short-lived, if your conduct after marriage is such as to give it no fuel. If you are afraid of your wife's money, earn your own. It is only the man who idly folds his hands and feeds on his wife's store that need fear the opprobrium of fortune hunter. Go to work like a man and make your own way in the world, and you may safely marry whom you please.

HALL (Philadelphia) writes: "I have long been a reader of your valuable paper, and fully approve of your plan of answers to correspondents. I will take advantage of it by asking your advice. I have been engaged for more than a year, and the lady keeps putting off the day of our marriage. The time originally set has long passed, and she now wants a delay of six months more. I am opposed to long engagements, and am seriously inclined to break this, as it looks as if she were trifling with me. What would you advise me to do?" Do not act hastily, with the risk of repenting all the remainder of your life. She may have reasons for delay which she cannot now divulge. If you love her and are satisfied that she will make you a happy Benedict, you should not let the chance go lightly by, as it may never present it self again. Six months is not long to wait if a life's happiness lies at the end of it. If at the expiration of the six months you find that she is trifling with you, it will be time enough then to break the engagement.

STUDENT (Baltimore) writes: "I am twenty-five years old, and have no education worth speaking of. I am but slow in grammar, and am anxious to know how to speak and write the English language correctly. Is it possible for me to do this without the aid of a teacher? I have time to spare, but no money; and would like to know if it is possible to learn myself." Teach yourself, we presume you mean. Certainly you can, if you have plenty of determination and a fair allowance of brains. Books may be had in plenty, containing the elements of grammar—and there is no reason why you should not solve the mystery without a teacher, if you are willing to devote to it sufficient time and attention. A teacher would be useful in removing difficulties from your path, and it will take you longer to overcome the obstacles without aid. Your syntax needs improvement, and we would advise you to go to work with a will. Energy and brains have overcome harder things than grammar.

TWO BOYS (Philadelphia) write: "One of us says that Benjamin Franklin discovered electricity. The other says that he didn't. Won't you please inform us which is right?" Electricity has been in process of discovery for 2,500 years. The Greek philosopher, Thales, recorded facts in this science 600 B. C. Franklin's share of the work was to prove the identity of electricity and lightning. He also advanced a theory of electricity which did very well for the state of the science in his day, but is no longer sufficient.

J. A. C. (Little York) asks: "1st. Is Mrs. Henry Wood, (the authoress of Dene Hollow and East Lynne,) wife of the Henry Wood, of New York, once proprietor of the famous 'Wood's Minstrels?' And has the lady travelled in Europe? 2d. Do Germantown, Nicetown and Rising Sun, all belong within the corporation of Philadelphia? And are all those hospitals, that were round the city during the war, obliterated? 3d. Do you think Mr. Minister Washburn will use his influence successfully in the release from prison of the Paris Archbishop?" He also kindly expresses his opinion that the Saturday Evening Post is the best paper of the kind that he has ever seen. We certainly try to make it so, and are grateful for the acknowledgement of our success. 1st. Mrs. Henry Wood is an English lady, has never been in this country, and could not well be the wife of an American showman. There is no record of her having travelled on the Continent. 2d. The places mentioned are within the limits of the city of Philadelphia. The war hospitals have all been closed. 3d. The Paris Archbishop is beyond the reach of diplomacy. He was executed by the insurgents the day before their surrender. His funeral took place on the 7th of June, with imposing ceremonies.

AGRICULTURAL.

Management of Balky Horses.

The first and better way is never to have a balky horse. If horses are handled properly they will never balk. After a horse has been "fooled," as horsemen very properly say when a horse balks, it will require a vast amount of cautious management to correct the bad habit. Horses are taught to balk by stupid and cruel drivers, who have really less good sense than the animals they drive. Many strong and excellent horses are managed so improperly that they soon become almost incorrigible balkers; whereas, if a driver of ordinary intelligence had held the reins, the animals would have always been as true as steel. If a horse is properly managed he will draw with all his might, trot or run as his driver may indicate, until he drops in his harness from utter exhaustion.

After a horse has really contracted the habit of balking, the vice can be corrected only by kindness and gentle treatment. The more he is whipped, kicked, clubbed, and handled roughly, the more obstinate he will be. Hence, throw away whips and clubs, and let the gentle treatment bear rule. Then, beware of overloading. A person can coax out of a horse a service that whips and kicks never can secure. Always provide some means to enable a team to start a heavy load easily. Avoid stopping—if possible—where it will be difficult to start. It is better to let a team stop for a moment, ten times, when hauling a load up a slope, than to allow it to stop in a place where it would be difficult to start. The writer once was accustomed to carry pieces of plank to the field for the wheels of the wagon to rest upon, while it was being loaded with potatoes or corn, so that the team would move off readily with a heavy load, that they could never start if the wheels had been allowed to sink into the ground while the load was increasing in weight. When a horse balks on account of exhaustion, allow the animal to rest until he has recovered strength to draw his load. Above all beware of too heavy loads, of impatience or roughness, and of over-driving.—*Practical Farmer.*

Nosegays.

Flowers should not be cut during sunshine, or kept exposed to the solar influence, neither should they be collected in large bundles and tied tightly together, as this invariably hastens decay. When in the room in which they are to remain, the ends of the stalks should be cut clean across with a very sharp knife (never with scissors) by which means the tubes through which they draw the water are left open, so that the water ascends freely, which it will not do if the tubes of the stems are bruised or lacerated. An endless variety of ornamental vessels are used for the reception of such flowers, and they are all equally well adapted for the purposes, so that the stalks are inserted in pure water. This ought to be changed every day, or once in two days at the furthest, and a thin slice should be cleanly cut off from the end of each stalk every time the water is removed, which will revive the flowers.

THE RIDDLER.

Riddle.

From a number that's odd cut off the head,
It then will even be;
Its tail, I pray, next take away,
Your mother then you'll see.

Word Square.

Signifies half.
To throw out.
A very small insect.
An article.

Problem.

If a ball is let fall in vacuo, through a height of 200 feet, and on striking the earth rebounds perpendicularly to 50 feet, how far will it rebound when it returns to the earth from this point?

☞ An answer is requested.

O. B. SHELDON.
Shiloh Hill, Randolph Co., Ill.

Conundrums.

☞ Why does the east wind never blow straight? Ans.—Because it blows obliques (blows so bleak.)

☞ To what bird may a bride be most appropriately compared? Ans.—A ring dove.

☞ Of what great French general does a bag-merchant's stock remind you? Ans.—Saxe.

☞ When is a disconsolate red deer like a baker? Ans.—When he needs his doe.

☞ Why is a troublesome tooth like a portion of land? Ans.—Because it's an acher.

☞ Why is a liquor seller's trade a profitable one to follow? Ans.—Because, by conducting it with good spirits, he has more bar-gains than most others, and all the pull is on his side.

☞ When is a card-player like a wealthy fox hunter? Ans.—When he keeps his pack.

☞ Where are card-players most at home? Ans.—At Deal.

☞ When is a card-player not a mercenary man? Ans.—When he prefers a spade to a diamond.

☞ Why should a card-player reside in Fifth Avenue? Ans.—Because he is partial to clubs.

☞ What game did our remote ancestors (if we may believe Mr. Darwin) play? Ans.—All-fours.

☞ Just inform us, please, why the children of a robber should be burnt? Ans.—Because their pa-steals.

[What rubbish. You might as well say a tailor's son should be eaten with codfish, because his pa-snips.]

☞ When is a soldier not half a soldier? Ans.—When he's in quarters.

Answers to Last.

RIDDLE—Alien—A lie—All.
WORD SQUARE—
P E G S
E D I T
G I V E
S T E W.

RECEIPTS.

SNOW PUDDING.—Two tablespoonsful of tapioca soaked over night in enough water to cover it, one quart of milk, let it boil, three eggs and one cup of sugar; beat the yolks, tapioca and sugar together and stir into the boiling milk; let it boil till it thickens, flavor to taste; beat the whites to a stiff froth and put them in your pudding dish and pour the hot pudding over them.

ROLLED JELLY CAKE.—One cup of sugar; one tablespoonful of butter; one and a half cups of flour; two thirds of a cup of milk; one egg; two measures of Professor Horsford's baking powder or one teaspoonful of cream tartar; half of a teaspoonful of saleratus. Bake in a dripping pan, and when done, spread over with a thin coat of jelly. Cut the sheet into strips three or four inches wide, roll up. Mock cream can be used instead of jelly, made thus: Beat together one egg, one teaspoonful of corn starch, one teaspoonful of wheat flour, and two of sugar. Boil half a pint of milk, and stir in the mixture rapidly, not letting the egg curdle. Boil ten or fifteen minutes, remove from the fire, and add a teaspoonful of vanilla, lemon or almond.

TO REMOVE ACID STAINS AND RESTORE COLOR.—When color on a fabric has been accidentally or otherwise destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the same, after which an application of chloroform will in almost all cases restore the original color. The application of ammonia is common; but that of chloroform is but little known. Chloroform will also remove paint from a garment or elsewhere, when benzole or bisulphide of carbon fails.

☞ In Oswego county, N. Y., the ladies of a village have met and resolved that they "will not accept the company of any young man who uses tobacco in any form, unless the night is very dark and the road muddy, for the space of sixty days from date."